

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Greece expiring on the ruins of Missolonghi', by Eugène Delacroix, from the exhibition at the Wildenstein Gallery in London

In this number:

The Powers and the Twilight War (C. P. FitzGerald)

The Artist and Society (Thomas Mann)

Memories of Isadora Duncan (Gordon Craig)

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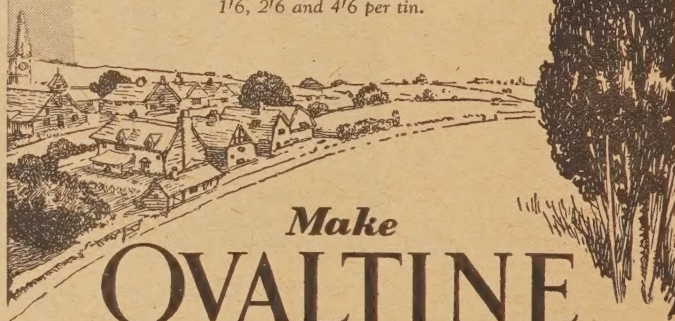


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The Listener

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The Powers and the Twilight War

C. P. FITZGERALD on China in Korea

NEARLY a year ago, when the Russian proposal to negotiate a cease-fire in Korea was accepted by the United Nations, the prospect of a compromise solution to the Korean problem was hailed in the west as a welcome alternative to the endless war with China which seemed the only alternative if hostilities continued. Months of frustration and seemingly pointless delay have ensued, and still no cease-fire has been achieved. It appears that the alternative to endless war with China is to be endless peace negotiations. For if a year has been consumed without achieving an armistice in Korea, how many years will be needed to arrive at a settlement of the still more thorny problems of the Far East which remain in the background? Indo-China, Formosa, the position of China in the United Nations, all these offer at least as much difficulty as the proposed partition of Korea, and yet if they remain unsettled, there can be no lasting peace in the Far East.

The inconclusive character of what is going on in Korea has long since bored and discouraged the ordinary newspaper reader; war should lead to victory, peace talks should result in peace. When neither victory nor peace appears any nearer, the average westerner begins to doubt whether any useful purpose is being achieved by all this talk. Yet it may be that from the point of view of the Chinese on the one hand, and even from that of the United States administration on the other, the delay and long drawn out negotiations are, for the time being, a more satisfactory situation than either a return to open warfare or to the immediate conclusion of a cease fire. So long as the twilight war continues, the war with few casualties and no serious change in the relative positions of the armies, the Chinese gain certain advantages which a peace settlement would nullify. They can train their armies, under battle conditions but without risk of serious losses, to use the new weapons which they are obtaining from Russia. The Chinese air force can also be trained to fly the Russian machines without heavy losses in combat. The army, which in any case must be stationed somewhere in

the north so long as American power is established in Japan, can as conveniently be quartered in North Korea as across the Yalu in Manchuria. The existence of a state of war enables the propaganda machine to keep up without restraint its incessant campaign of vilification of America. The Chinese, when they intervened in Korea, announced that they were going to liberate the whole peninsula; a settlement which will leave the south outside the communist fold means a failure to fulfil this programme, and such failures are troublesome things to explain to the faithful. Time, which gradually blurs the public memory, will be helpful in this explanation.

For these reasons the Chinese need be in no hurry to conclude an agreement; they already have all they can hope to hold of Korea, and as the world situation at present is unfavourable to their plans for expansion in other parts of the Far East, no probable advantage yet appears in initiating the discussion for a general political settlement.

No such discussion could, in any case, have any result or make any substantial progress in a year which sees the American presidential election. The United States can have no assured policy in any such negotiations until it is known whether Taft or Eisenhower, Harriman or some unknown compromise candidate will be elected President in November. To the Chinese the result of that election is as important as anything which can happen in Korea, whether effected by war or by peace negotiation. If the wing of the Republican Party which embraces the doctrines of General MacArthur were to come to power, the prospect of a peace settlement to which the Chinese Government could agree is remote. In such a case renewal of the war would be probable, and so a cease-fire in Korea would be waste of time. If the election brought to power a President whose policy resembles that of Mr. Truman a settlement is likely, when once the Chinese feel assured that in the further political negotiations which must follow the military armistice some of their claims will be entertained.

If these considerations could make the Chinese quite willing to

prolong the present talks until November, it is also true that an immediate cease-fire, followed, as it must be, by wider negotiations from which the question of Formosa could hardly be excluded, would be a great embarrassment to the Democratic Administration in the months immediately prior to the presidential election. American public opinion is already very hostile to Communist China: nothing could suit a campaign of the extreme Republicans better than to represent the Democratic Party on the eve of the polls as appeasers, willing to sell out to the Communists in the Far East. Any negotiations, to have reality, must deal with the highly controversial questions of China's seat in the United Nations, recognition of the Peking Government, the neutralisation of Formosa, and perhaps, the position of the French in Indo-China. All these questions could be dynamite in the American political situation; it would be much more convenient if they could be left alone until the election was over. For these reasons the American side, while willing to decry the Chinese dilatory tactics in Korea, is perhaps not altogether disturbed by them.

American Difficulties

Yet can the peace talks be prolonged, even if both sides were secretly willing for another six months? It can be assumed that so far as the Chinese are concerned six months or six weeks makes no difference. The public can be kept in line by the controlled press, no criticism of the Government's policy can be published and there is no agitation to 'get the boys home', such as embarrasses the American Administration. Every month makes the American position more difficult. A cease-fire last summer, however abused at the time, would have been forgotten long before the election. Concluded early this year, it could still have been put forward as a triumph for the President's policy of world pacification, but cease-fire in July or August would have few such attractions. It would be assailed by opponents as a surrender; the benefits, if any, would not have time to become known. Whether both sides wish to wait until after November 4, or are pushed by events into a more speedy conclusion, both really want to arrive, finally, at a workable settlement. There is in fact no alternative, unless it be the third world war. If there is no peace in Korea, then sooner or later there must be a return to active and violent campaigning. That could only mean extending the war to attacks upon the Chinese home territories, and reciprocal attacks upon American bases in Japan and Okinawa. Once such operations had begun the full extension of the war to rival alliances could not be prevented.

It is because both sides see this prospect with dismay that there are now any negotiations at all; it is because both sides see the difficulties of a further settlement, and the necessity of making concessions if it is to be concluded, that the negotiations are so prolonged. When the Korean cease-fire has been implemented, the political settlement of Korea has in fact been determined, and the settlement is partition of that unhappy country, based on no other grounds than the point of equilibrium between the power of China and that of the Western Allies. Moral considerations, the rights of self-determination, the unity of the Korean people, the views of the inhabitants, all these matters are cast aside and unheeded. If this is to be the pattern of settlement in the Far East the same criteria can be applied elsewhere with equal disregard of any factor except the balance of military power.

The Chinese can, at will, intervene in Indo-China, with which country they have a land frontier. Therefore they will never allow their allies the Viet-Minh to be crushed by the French. Partition of Indo-China, where again Chinese land power cannot be repelled except at the cost of a world war, is the only possible settlement. Formosa, which though a Chinese territory, is guarded for the fallen Nationalist regime by American sea power, can be thus denied to the Chinese, who have no fleet. But the European and Asiatic allies of America, while willing to see Formosa protected from communist invasion, are not willing to see the regime in that island indefinitely labelled the Government of China, and occupying the seat of China at the United Nations. A Republic of Formosa, another creation of power politics, would be a compromise solution, complying with the strategic realities, but not with historical tradition or the principle of self-determination.

If a settlement were negotiated on these lines, following the pattern of the peace talks in Korea, such questions as the representation of China at the United Nations and the recognition of the Peking Government, matters which do not involve military potential, could be easily disposed of. This sort of peace settlement would be, in fact, a solution on eighteenth-century lines, in which power alone counts, and the wishes of the peoples concerned are in no way operative. Here, indeed, is the

real underlying difficulty of any peaceful settlement of the Far Eastern problems. The only practicable solutions involve a cynical disregard of the very principles for which both sides claim to have been fighting. The Communists abandon the South Koreans to the regime of Syngman Rhee, whom they describe as the running dog of American imperialism. The United Nations consign the North Koreans to the control of the powers whom they stigmatise as harsh and inhuman totalitarian tyrannies. If this sort of bargaining were to be extended to Indo-China and Formosa, could the public in the west and the faithful Communist Party comrades in the east be induced to believe that such a programme fulfilled their aspirations?

Between the practical policies followed by the Great Powers on both sides and the profession of faith which their governments put before the peoples there is in fact this very wide gap. Both sides act as if they well knew that the two-world division is permanent and inevitable; all that is possible is to bargain and strive for advantages of a purely strategic kind in the marginal lands lying between the two great empires. Rome and Persia did the same on a smaller scale. But both sides, communist and democratic alike, profess to have the one really desirable and eternally valid recipe for human government and society. To both the system of the opponent is officially detestable, immoral, and therefore, obviously, transitory. The communist looks forward to world revolution, the democrat is taught to hope for the great internal rising against communist tyranny. It is in these hopes and for these causes that the armies of both sides can be recruited to fight in far off countries with which the men themselves have no concern.

Even if these high moral justifications were tacitly abandoned, and the public instructed to realise that the defence or establishment of Utopias was not in question, it would not be easy to arrive at a workable arrangement. Apart from all considerations of communist imperialism or ideological opposition to it, there remains the fact that China has once more emerged from weakness to relative strength, and is therefore claiming the place which she considers others usurped during her century of decline. Like the large unwelcome passenger who boards the train at a wayside station and demands, rudely, that the comfortable occupants of the carriage move up and give him a corner seat, China has pushed her way into the Far Eastern scene, and now attempts to shove out all those Western Powers who in the nineteenth century settled themselves in what they deemed to be vacant places. France in Indo-China has taken the place which China held, the British encroached along the coast, the Japanese in Korea, and now the Americans—for whatever reason—find themselves playing a similar role in Formosa.

The welcome which the Western Powers say they would have given to a strong China, provided she was democratic, or at least not communist, is denied to a China who is manifestly the ally of Russia. But by denying China all her claims, just, admissible, and impossible alike, we make sure that her alliance with Russia is made secure. The alliance with Russia permits and enables China to follow her imperial ambitions in the Far East, and thus to threaten the positions which the west holds there. From this vicious circle western policy has so far found no escape. The west is further weakened, in Asiatic eyes, by the suspicion that in Asia at least, the defence of democracy, and the containment of communism are but new names for the old facts of western domination. Democracy is not conspicuous in many of the lands which are defended in its name. Here appears another dangerous contradiction; the high cause of democracy, to which the majority of the western peoples fully subscribe, is translated in the east into the defence of regimes which happen to be opposed to China and Russia, for reasons having nothing to do with democracy.

Two Courses in Relation to China

Thus before any lasting settlement in the Far East can be made the west must first resolve the contradictions inherent in the present policies. We may aim to build around China a ring of fortresses and bases by which China's power can be held in check and her ambitions frustrated; in which case we are seeking a military and not a political solution, and accept the probability of ultimate war. Or we may seek to arrive at a settlement which will leave on our side of the line between the two worlds all those peoples who genuinely wish to live in our way, and understand our ideals, renouncing to the communist side those marginal areas where there is no inclination to take our side. These countries, falling naturally into their traditional position within the zone of Chinese power, can only with difficulty be kept beyond it, and if retained by the west, will continually provide a cause of friction and a reason for the abiding hostility of resurgent China.—*Third Programme*

Arabs and Jews: the Onlooker's Dilemma

By JAMES JOLL

SOMEBODY once said that everyone is either a natural Jew or a natural Arab. Like all statements of that kind it is not, of course, true, but it does point to differences of temperament that are important and that are bound to strike anyone who, like myself, visits the Middle East for the first time. And if you go from any of the Arab countries to Israel you inevitably find yourself taking sides. Israel is still technically at war with her neighbours. The result is personally embarrassing. When you are being most hospitably entertained by hosts whom you find personally sympathetic, it is difficult not to adopt the views they maintain so enthusiastically—and they take for granted that one shares.

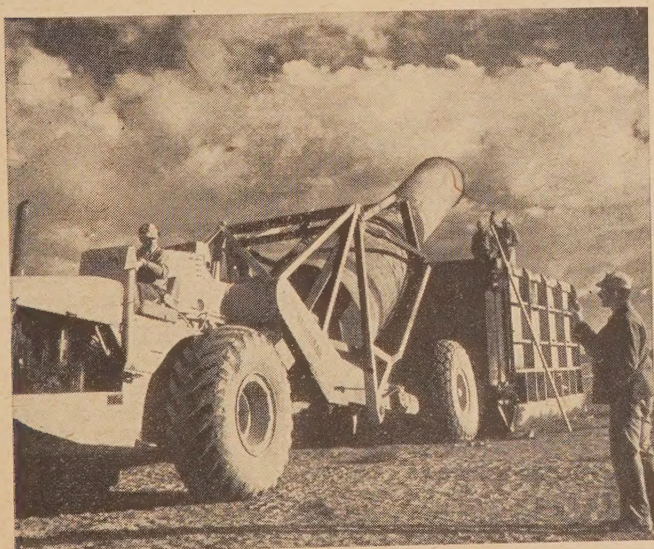
In the case of the Jews and Arabs it is the more difficult in that both have a good case—at least as far as the history of the years of the Mandate in Palestine is concerned. Both, with a certain amount of justification, hold the British responsible for what has happened; and that is another additional cause of embarrassment to the British visitor. This means it is one's emotions, rather than reason, that are likely to guide one in deciding whether one is pro-Jew or pro-Arab. I personally found that this forced me to examine my own political presuppositions and attitudes, and made my first visit to the Middle East a profound political experience. What did sympathising with the Jews or with the Arabs involve one in?

Perhaps the first difference between them is that the Jews are convinced—like European liberals and 'progressives' of fifty years ago—that political and social problems have solutions and that there is nothing that cannot be achieved by hard work and careful planning. They have a clear aim—the making of a national state—and a clear set of political values. In short, the Jews know what they want and are working hard to get it. The Arabs, on the other hand, have not found a real basis for their political activity. Now that the Turks and the French and the British have gone, leaving the relics of three administrative systems behind them, Arab nationalism has not got more than an emotional appeal. Its influence on practical politics is counteracted by

a number of things: dynastic rivalries, different levels of culture and economic life, and so on. More important, perhaps, the nature of Arab nationalism itself is not yet quite clear. The nineteenth-century concept of nationalism based on race and language has not yet entirely replaced the old divisions based on religion. A man may be an Arab and speak Arabic and yet be more conscious that he is a Maronite Christian or a Shi'a Moslem than that he is an Arab. The Republic of Lebanon in fact owes its existence to these differences; for it exists on the basis of a careful balance between different minorities, four or five Christian sects and three or four Moslem ones, none of whom is a majority and all of whom are apprehensive that their identity and rights would be lost if they were merged in a larger Arab national whole.



'The endless curiosity and love of gossip' in Levantine life: a bazaar in Damascus



The 'tremendous energy and optimism' of the Jews: building a new settlement outside Beersheba—cement being poured into a steel cast

The Arab nationalists, then, as yet lack the unity and purpose of the Jews. Equally, the social and political organisation of the Arab countries has yet to develop in such a way as to cope with the twentieth century. The defeat in the war with the Jews was as much a matter of technical as of political disorganisation, and it has left a deep sense of humiliation behind it. But it is hard to see quite what form of political organisation will suit these countries. Syria and the Lebanon have tried parliamentary government with constitutions copied fairly closely from French models. In Syria this has already broken down, and after a series of coups and assassinations a military dictatorship has been established with the professed aim of making Syria an efficient modern state. The admirers of the present regime compare it with that of Kemal Ataturk in Turkey, but it is too soon to say whether the present government is capable of any real measure of social reform or whether they are just another set of military adventurers. One of their weaknesses, incidentally, is that the general political situation is so unstable that many of the ablest people in Syria, who might be able to give them good advice, do not dare to co-operate with them.

Lebanon is still a parliamentary state, but it has a constitution that reminds one more of the eighteenth century than of the twentieth, with large landowners and chieftains controlling blocks of seats in Parliament, and practically no modern political parties as we know them in the west. Everywhere the old forms of political organisation or domination have broken down, and nothing wholly satisfactory has been found to take their place. And much the same could be said of the social and economic organisation.

But, for the visitor at least, this failure to adapt Arab society to the twentieth century has its compensations. The inefficiency of Levantine life has its own charms; politeness, the desire to please, the endless curiosity and love of gossip, and a high opinion of the merits of leisure and pleasure. And there is the awareness of the infinite burden of the past—Phoenician, Hellenistic, Roman, Arab, and Christian. The guide who shows you the citadel of Aleppo, for instance, talks of Saladin as if he were a figure of our own time; and in a city like Hama you can listen to gossip about the leading families without knowing quite what century you are in, because the same sort of thing has been said about each generation of these particular families for centuries. One can understand how Arabs with progressive modern views become irritated with their fellow-countrymen and why the Americans have such difficulty in fitting this area into the scheme of the cold war; but equally one is forced to revise one's own ideas about the meaning and the application of terms like 'democracy' and 'progress' in a society which, for all its points of contact with our own, is still exotic, still remote, and still not wholly assimilated to the twentieth century.

The Aims of Israel

The contrast with Israel is complete. Israel has western ideals and western values. The Jews are aiming at a western standard of living; they already have western political and administrative institutions. Above all, they believe that political and social problems can be solved, and they have already solved a good many themselves. They have solved, for instance, the problem of turning a religious and racial group into a nation. Indeed, anyone who is interested in the history of national movements in Europe in the nineteenth century gains in understanding of the spirit, say, of the Italian Risorgimento by a visit to Israel. For instance, I could not help feeling that there must have been many people in Italy in the eighteen-sixties who felt about Rome as the Jews feel about Jerusalem—that the creation of the state is not complete without possession of its symbolic national capital. The Jews are also solving their social problems—above all the assimilation of thousands of immigrants, mainly from the east, with oriental standards of living and oriental habits. And there is a tremendous energy and optimism about the enormous problems that still remain.

It is easy to understand why Israel has now become a symbol for people on the left. It is certainly a great deal nearer a true social democracy than Yugoslavia, their other favourite country. For Israel is genuinely a classless society and a society of optimistic idealists, building for the future. Just as its national ideals recall the nationalism of Mazzini, so its social ideals seem to me rather like those of the pre-1914 social democrats in Europe; and in the communal settlements, the Kibbutzim, that most original contribution the Jews have yet made to political science, you get other echoes of the nineteenth century in the gently Tolstoyan idealism and the atmosphere of secular religion that recalls Saint-Simon or Comte.

But there is another side to all this energy and idealism. Intense national feeling is always alarming—though it can be a little comical, too. The Israelis, for instance, mean by 'the war', the war fought first against the British and then against the Arabs, and one's Jewish friends are sometimes a little hurt if one does not share their pride in victories that were in fact British defeats. It is inevitable, too, that in a society whose problems are so vast and so pressing there should be a certain puritanism, a certain impatience with personal idiosyncracies, that is inevitably reinforced, and possibly even produced, by the present economic austerity. For it is odd how many of the qualities one usually associates with the Jews have been laid aside; as a Jewish friend said to me, 'Where are the Jews in Israel? We have no brokers, no business men, no doctors, no lawyers, no intellectuals. What has happened to the Jews?' An exaggeration, of course.

If the Jews are demonstrating that problems can be solved, they are also showing that the solution is not possible without suffering. The Jewish state was founded successfully, but at the cost of driving some 700,000 Arabs from their homes. And here you come up against another dilemma. It is going to be very difficult indeed for historians to establish exactly what did happen, just what were the circumstances of this mass flight. Were the Arabs terrorised by the Jews or were they encouraged to leave by their own leaders? It is hard to discover. There were acts of terrorism; on the other hand, the Jewish authorities say they were anxious for the Arabs to stay. No doubt this is true, but all the same, the Arabs' departure has made the problem of settling the Jewish immigrants a great deal easier than it would otherwise have been, since the Arab lands can now be redistributed to new settlers.

And the difficulty of making a moral judgment is increased again when you remember that some at least of these new settlers are themselves refugees from a terror far worse than anything the Arabs have yet experienced.

The problem of the Arab refugees comes up in every conversation, whether with Jews or with Arabs. The Jews feel some impatience with the Arab governments for not making real efforts to settle the refugees elsewhere. The Arabs, and especially the refugees themselves, insist that they do not want to settle elsewhere: they want to go back to Palestine, to their own homes. It is the turn of the Arabs to sit down and weep when they remember Zion. And for various reasons nobody has yet had the courage to tell them that Israel has certainly come to stay and that they probably never will go back; so that with every month that passes the young men become more and more hopeless and useless—they have been doing nothing for four years now—while the children grow up into a world that has nothing to offer them. It is true that conditions in the camps for Jewish immigrants in Israel are probably physically as bad as the Arab refugee camps, but they have at least a hope of being absorbed in a society which exists primarily for that purpose—though even there there are some, especially the Jews from Iraq, who dislike the promised land and wish they had never come.

I suppose that if you are tough enough to take a long view, the plight of some 700,000 people is not very important when set against the foundation of a successful new state; but on the immediate human level it is not easy to forget the problem. It certainly affects all political judgments about the Middle East at the moment, and is probably the chief reason for the failure to obtain a proper peace between Jews and Arabs. The Jews are afraid, or say they are, of an Arab war of revenge, and indeed some Arabs do use metaphors about Israel being a cancer that must be cut out. The Arabs, perhaps with more reason, are afraid that the Jews will want to round off their state, not, I think, with any very extensive acquisitions, but by securing the whole of the Jordan valley and the head waters of the Jordan. Certainly the people in the villages in the south of the Lebanon under Mount Hermon look apprehensively across at the first Jewish settlements on the skyline. Doubtless if they were dispossessed there would be a more efficient irrigation system and the standard of living in the Jordan valley would be raised, but this is not going to be much comfort to the people who might be driven from their homes. There are people on both sides who can think in terms of compromise and agreement and joint exploitation of the resources of the area, but at the moment they are not the people in power, and it would be a mistake to place too much hope in them. Again, although both sides need peace for practical economic reasons, it would be a mistake to think that the good relations established between Arabs and Jews on a mixed Armistice Commission between Israel and Jordan—the only one I saw at work personally—can be developed into something wider.

Emotion versus Reason

And so one is back at the dilemma from which I started. Is one Jew or Arab? On the one hand, efficiency, progress, building for the future, and a certain ruthlessness. On the other, a traditional society, already breaking up perhaps, but with its own dignity, its own charm, and, in spite of cynicism and corruption, its own standards. It is impossible not to feel a division of sympathy, and very difficult not to take sides. One's emotions constantly conflict with one's reason. While it is clear, for instance, that the future of the whole of the Middle East depends on the development of factories and irrigation schemes, when one is being shown round with rather too great enthusiasm by the Jews one thinks sentimentally of the calm of an Arab house or the beauty of villages which have not changed for hundreds of years. If only, one thinks despairingly, the Arabs could acquire the technical ability of the Jews. If only there was a possibility in existing Arab society of people with the drive, energy, and ruthlessness of the young Jews, then there might be some hope of transforming the Middle East before it is too late, and before the existing societies collapse before the mob passions of nationalism and communism which are beginning to appear.

For whatever happens will inevitably be at the expense of much that is pleasant and valuable in the Middle East. One of the lessons of a visit to that part of the world is that there are some political problems that have no solution, that all change involves suffering and sacrifice of what is valuable, and that the greatest happiness of the greatest number, assuming it to be a valid political aim, may only turn out to be the hypothetical happiness of a bare majority.—*Third Programme*

The Agreements in Bonn and Paris

THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. Diplomatic Correspondent, explains their meaning

EIGHTEEN months of difficult diplomatic negotiations were brought to a successful end last week with the signature, in Bonn and Paris, of a great number of complicated treaties, conventions, and agreements. Once they have been ratified by the parliaments concerned, western Germany will take her place as an equal among the free nations of the western world, with the same rights as they have and the same obligations. German soldiers will serve on equal terms with French, and in the same uniform, in a European defence force that is to be linked with the North Atlantic Treaty Forces under General Ridgway.

Two Series of Negotiations

Throughout these eighteen months, two separate series of negotiations—separate, but interdependent and interlocking at every point—have been under way in Bonn and Paris. The purpose of the Bonn negotiations was to work out an arrangement for putting an end to the occupation of Germany by the Western Powers and for restoring German sovereignty under adequate safeguards. Western troops will remain in Germany; but they will not be occupation troops. They will be there to defend western Germany as part of western Europe. A convention on this subject was signed in Bonn by Herr Adenauer, the German Chancellor, Mr. Eden, Mr. Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, and M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister. It is so detailed that it runs to about 400 pages, and has already been described as a 'little peace treaty'. The following day, M. Schuman and Herr Adenauer arrived in Paris, where they signed, together with the Foreign Ministers of Italy and the Low Countries, a treaty for the setting up of a European army. In this treaty are to be found all the controls over German arms production that the Western Powers look upon as essential. The point is that these controls are not imposed upon a defeated Germany whose armed forces surrendered unconditionally seven years ago; they are voluntarily accepted by a free Germany on the grounds that the production of certain types of arms is impossible for security reasons, since western Germany is now a forward area in the European defence system.

In the negotiations for the setting up of a European army, two major obstacles had to be overcome. First, there was the French fear of Germany and the German refusal to be in any way subordinated to France, or treated as a second-class European nation. Secondly, there was the British refusal to join the European Defence Community as a founder member and on the same footing as France, Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries. This second difficulty has been overcome by an extension of the Brussels Treaty. Under this treaty, which was signed in March, 1948, the United Kingdom, France, and the Low Countries, each agrees to give all military and other help to any of their number who may be the object of an armed attack in Europe. This mutual guarantee is now extended to include western Germany and Italy. At the same time, Mr. Eden has promised that British forces on the Continent will operate as closely as possible with the European Defence Forces. They will be linked with them, said Mr. Eden, in matters of training, of administration, and of supplies.

French Fear of Germany

The French fear of Germany turned out to be an even tougher problem. What the French were, and are still, afraid of is that under a new government, the Germans may suddenly decide to take their army out of the European Defence Force and resume full freedom of action. There was a last-minute hitch on this score, but the problem was finally solved. The solution took the form of a tripartite declaration signed by Mr. Acheson, Mr. Eden, and M. Schuman in which, on behalf of their governments, they declared their abiding interest in the effectiveness of the European Defence Community. Mr. Eden and Mr. Acheson, for their part, then went on to say that 'if any action from whatever quarter threatens the integrity or the unity of the Defence Community, the two Governments will regard this as a

threat to their own security'. Finally, all these treaties, conventions and declarations were rounded off by an extension of the North Atlantic Treaty area to cover the territory of western Germany.

The agreements reached in Bonn and Paris last week must be related to all that has happened in the seven years since the surrender of the German armed forces in May, 1945. When the Potsdam Agreement was signed in 1945 the assumption was that a united, but disarmed and therefore peaceful, Germany, would re-emerge in Europe under the supervision—at first—of the United Kingdom, France, the United States, and the Soviet Union. But relations with the Soviet Union became increasingly strained, and all the conferences that were held to work out a German settlement ended in failure. I saw the four Foreign Ministers at work in Paris, in New York, in Moscow, and in London—but the result was always the same. Germany remained split, and the German people were left in a state of profound uncertainty. Gradually the divisions hardened. Western Germany moved forward into greater freedom, while eastern Germany was held in chains by Soviet power.

German Occupation Statute

The turning-point came in December 1947, at the end of the four-power conference in London. This conference, too, ended in failure. The Western Powers then decided to do what they could to stabilise conditions in that part of Germany which was under their control. Gradually, the political and economic restraints over German life were lifted. In April, 1949, at a three-power meeting in Washington, agreement was reached on a German occupation statute. This statute defined the respective powers and responsibilities of the future German government and of the Allied control authorities. It gave the German government a great field of authority over home affairs, over finance and foreign trade—subject only to the security requirements of the Western Powers. At the same time a constituent assembly had been set up in western Germany and had worked out a constitution. In September 1949, the Federal German Republic was established, with Herr Adenauer at its head. The Soviet Government protested strongly against these developments and accused the Western Powers of breaking their pledges. Yet they refused to make any concession in the hope of reaching a settlement. Indeed, a meeting held in Paris in the early summer of 1949, called for this very purpose, ended, as usual, in failure.

Meantime, the Federal Republic's relations with the Western Powers steadily improved. In April 1950, Germany was invited to join the Council of Europe. And in May of the same year a three-power declaration was issued which said that a peace treaty with a united Germany was impossible so long as Soviet policy remained unchanged. The Western Powers would therefore continue to encourage the progressive re-entry of Germany into the European family of free nations.

Since 1947, too, Soviet foreign policy has become increasingly aggressive, and the Western Powers have been forced to strengthen their defences. In 1948, the Brussels Treaty was signed, and a year later the North Atlantic Treaty. Then, in September 1950, at a meeting of the North Atlantic Council held in New York, the practical possibility of associating Germany with the defence of the North Atlantic area was raised formally for the first time. In reporting on this conference to the House of Commons some weeks later, Mr. Bevin, who was then Foreign Secretary, said:

If, unhappily, aggression were to take place in Europe, we are satisfied that its defence would have to take place as far east as possible. That means that Germany must be involved; and if western Germany is to be defended, it seems to us only fair and reasonable that the people of western Germany should help in their own defence. We therefore agreed with the United States that any German contribution to the defence of western Europe must be in the form of units in the integrated Atlantic force.

It was in these words that Mr. Bevin defined the policy that has now

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the French riots

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Sword of Peace

MR. DAVID PIPER in a talk which we publish this week reminded us that the umbrella was originally intended to provide protection from the sun and not the rain. That is still its main use in the East. In this island the umbrella against the sun is sufficiently distinctive to be called a parasol. It may be found in what statisticians call 'pockets' of the population. Large umbrellas of this type are owned by proprietors of cafes at the seaside and at river resorts and if they are not hastily taken down on wet days are inclined to look dismal. Smaller ones are occasionally carried by the prettier women students at Oxford and Cambridge, and they have been seen at Henley. But a forest of umbrellas is far more usual than a spread of parasols. Such forests are often seen at cricket matches and on state occasions.

The black umbrella is one of the distinctive badges of the British middle classes of the masculine sex. (One has noticed with gratitude that the other sex has lately indulged in gayer colours for these necessary articles of apparel.) Men grow attached to the black umbrella (except, of course, when they leave it on buses) as they grow older and more experienced. To start with, in life, there may be a feeling that the umbrella is slightly effeminate. Schoolboys prefer sticks to umbrellas and soldiers in the western hemisphere rarely carry them, preferring the ground-sheet. Yet General George Washington might have lived longer if he had carried an umbrella. It was a King who reigned between the two Napoleons in France, Louis Philippe, who was distinguished by his green umbrella. But except in the East one does not naturally associate soldiers or sailors with umbrellas. The only sport in which the umbrella plays a leading part is golf. In Scotland, where rain is not unknown, golf is a popular sport.

Thus it is reasonable to call the umbrella the sword of peace. No one would accuse the late Neville Chamberlain of being effeminate, yet the umbrella was associated with him, and marked him out from the military dictators with whom he dealt in his days of power and who liked always to wear uniforms. When Chamberlain visited Germany during the negotiations which culminated at Munich in September 1938, the German people were struck by the contrast between this civilian proprietor of the umbrella and their own martial statesmen; for them as for many of us at the time the umbrella was a symbol of peace. We must not forget that when Chamberlain returned to England he was enthusiastically greeted both at the air port and in the House of Commons. For we knew that war had been averted (though some suspected that it had been only postponed). Today opinion about Chamberlain's achievement has changed in many quarters. The policy of appeasement is condemned even by the pundits of Printing House Square, though *The Times* newspaper was once the principal organ of appeasement. Historians, for the most part, are critical of the Munich Agreement, having the advantage peculiar to their profession of knowing a lot of the answers that contemporaries did not know. We have been assured, for example, that had it not been for Chamberlain's dramatic air flight to Germany a number of German generals would have hit Hitler over the head. We have also been informed that Russian statesmen would have entered into a combination against Hitler instead of coming to an understanding with him, as they did later. So the umbrella is not what it used to be in popular estimation. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. However, as long as we are permitted to carry our umbrellas instead of our ground-sheets, we have cause to be thankful.

THE COMMUNIST RIOTS IN PARIS and Berlin were a major subject of comment last week. Many western commentators saw in them, as well as in the Soviet cutting of communications between west and east Germany, examples of the intensified war of nerves which constituted the Soviet reaction to the great step towards European integration symbolised by the signing of the Western Agreements.

While the arrest of the French Communist leader, M. Duclos, aroused a storm of protest from Communist commentators (who significantly failed to give it any connection with the riots), the majority of French editorial opinion expressed approval and relief. The Radical-Socialist's *L'Aurore* was quoted for the following comment:

There can be no compromise with violence. It is intolerable that a handful of Moscow agents . . . should, at the slightest signal, descend into the streets and fight a battle against the sovereignty of the people. The time has come for the Republic to show that it will not—as did the Weimar Republic—allow itself to be undermined.

According to a *Pravda* dispatch from Paris, broadcast by Moscow radio, the demonstrators had 'made monkeys of the police' by staging their major effort away from the police-cordoned Place de la République. It went on:

The news that the police had shed the blood of patriots on a square which bears the name of Stalingrad, holy for every fighter against fascism, quickly spread through the workers' districts and intensified popular wrath.

M. Duclos' arrest was described as 'a new insolent act of French reaction' which had caused 'tremendous disturbances in all factories throughout France'. It went on:

First reports indicate the beginning of a mass struggle of French workers to save democratic freedom and obtain the immediate release of their beloved leader, Jacques Duclos.

Another Paris dispatch to *Pravda* gave the following description of the scenes in Paris:

On May 28 the hangman of the Korean people, Ridgway, was accorded the reception he deserves . . . a popular demonstration of wrath and hatred. Until now Ridgway's hands have been sullied by the blood of Korean, Chinese and Japanese patriots. Now there is the blood of Frenchmen on them. But he proved unable to bring the peoples of the East to their knees; nor will he be able to break Europeans.

From the U.S. the *Washington Post* was quoted as saying:

There is no doubt that the riots were carefully synchronised with the Soviet counter-measures against the new treaty between west Germany and the North Atlantic Powers. The provisions of this treaty cannot become effective until they have been ratified by the Parliaments of all the countries concerned. It is no secret that many members of the French Parliament still look upon German rearmament with the greatest misgiving. One obvious purpose of the anti-American rioting in France is to aggravate these fears.

And the *San Francisco Chronicle* was quoted as follows:

Two inferences can be drawn from yesterday's violence—that the French Government is determined to keep down Communist lawlessness and that the Russian Government is doing its not inconsequential best to embarrass free Europe's march toward collective defence.

On Whit Sunday, all east German radio stations broadcast an address by the East German President, Herr Pieck, to a youth rally in Leipzig. Denouncing the 'war treaty', he called on all Germans to join in a struggle to end the treaty and overthrow Dr. Adenauer's Government. The foremost task of German youth, he said, was now the defence and armed protection of the East German Republic. The cream of the youth would be sent into the People's Police and into arms factories. 'This German peace army', he concluded, 'would be worthy of becoming an ally of the Soviet army'.

The function of sport as a means of fitting youth for war was brought out in a broadcast speech to the 'Youth Parliament' in Leipzig:

Young people demand that our youth organisation should take the necessary steps to achieve a great fighting spirit and fighting ability. . . . In the interests of improving the fighting spirit for peace there is no reason to hinder the practice by our youth of those sports which not only exercise the eye but also enable youths to prepare themselves for the defence of the homeland. Therefore we propose to Parliament to combine in one resolution all motions relating to the introduction of shooting, glider and flying sports, parachuting and boating sports.

Did You Hear That?

PABLO CASALS IN EXILE

LAST AUTUMN RONALD HAMBLETON recorded for the Third Programme an interview with Pablo Casals, the famous 'cellist, in Perpignan; in the course of the interview Mr. Hambleton said that some who visited the musical festival there 'came to hear an artist in isolation'.

Casals: Yes, that is true. I am an artist in isolation, but I do not see the importance of that.

Hambleton: Many saw in it a contradiction in terms. You are a celebrated musician with music to give. They wondered what difference it made to you as an artist that since 1945 you have lived in exile.

Casals: The two things are quite separate. But let me first correct you. I have lived as an exile since I left my country definitely in 1938. I have been silent as a musician since 1945. But now for this contradiction in terms. My music, you see, is a secondary thing in our sad days. It must take second place beside this other human question of my unhappy country.

Hambleton: And there is no connection between the two?

Casals: No, none at all. In music I have a gift, that is all; I can put it beside me. But as a man, I must act in the only way I can. The number of things I can do for my country is limited: all I have is my music, and when the time came all I could do was to put it aside as a protest.

Hambleton: But you play in public at Prades.

Casals: That is where I live.

I will play for those who come to me, but I will not play anywhere else. I have made countless visits to England, and I have so many good friends there. It saddens me to think that I cannot resume my visits. I remember so well their respect for individual freedom and human dignity. I know this tradition is well known, but it seems to me that in our times we cannot emphasise it too much. I mention England, because it was after my last visit there in 1945 that I made this sacrifice of my music. It is not so long ago that the English in isolation too were resisting the attacks of German totalitarianism. They were defending not only their traditional way of life, but the very survival of civilisation in the old world. I retired to this little village in French Catalonia to protest against the totalitarianism which has overwhelmed my own country.

Hambleton: And nothing has happened since to make you break your silence?

Casals: Far from it. Ever since then, and even now, there is a campaign to hush up the truth and prevent the people seeing things in their true light. But the facts are the same. A dictatorship is still a dictatorship. In the United States especially, quite false statements are being made about Spain.

Hambleton: By some people only, surely not by all.

Casals: Perhaps not, but their effect is great. They say that the Spanish are indifferent to the regime which is depraving them; that they are too proud to accept outside aid in regaining their liberties. Worst of all, some even say that the Spanish are the only European nation determined to fight in defence of western civilisation. How could they do so without enjoying liberty themselves? Where do these wild statements come from?

Hambleton: Surely they can be answered by the Spanish themselves?

Casals: But how? Everyone knows that the only way to learn the real opinion of a nation is to give it freedom of speech. If our people were given back their freedom of speech, everyone would realise that there are very few supporters of dictatorship.

Hambleton: In Spain, or in exile, like yourself?

Casals: Very few in Spain. In exile, none. But I must say now what I have always said: that I am not a politician. I am not qualified to direct the opinions of others, but I am not prepared to accept injustice. I do protest in the name of conscience.

Hambleton: I have been looking for a connection between your life as a musician and your attitude on this question. Perhaps this is it.

Casals: If I have a philosophy which embraces both, it might be this: that for everyone, particularly in these unhappy times, the important thing is to arrive at an honest decision, and to act upon it honestly. It would be a breach of duty for me not to speak against the state of affairs in my own country. The Spanish civil war was aggravated by foreign intervention; every honest man must admit that the totalitarians who triumphed, thanks to Hitler and Mussolini, are not the men to restore tolerance in our country.

Hambleton: But you are a Catalan. Are not the Catalans almost a nation apart?

Casals: I love my native Catalonia deeply, but that does not exclude a feeling of brotherhood with the rest of Spain. Our native culture and language cannot develop, because the regime has closed down Catalan educational institutions, and prohibited Catalan newspapers. The United Nations condemn cultural genocide; what does the world think of this persecution of a centuries-old language and culture?

Hambleton: But you say that the overwhelming majority in Spain oppose the regime.

Casals: So they do, but their opposition is thwarted because men, who claim to protect democratic freedom, support the Spanish dictatorship. I cannot think of anything more absurd: to see the western democracies flying to the rescue of a dictatorship by economic aid. They say it is to strengthen the strategic resources of the free world: it only strengthens the dictatorship.

Hambleton: But the situation exists now. Many people would say that since events have reached this stage, nothing can change them.

Casals: That may be so, then so much the worse for all of us. But yet, in spite of everything, I shall continue to protest on moral grounds. The accomplished fact is no excuse for keeping quiet. In this tragic Spanish question, it is not a political regime at stake, but the idea of human dignity itself. I have met with much hardship in taking this stand against indifference and shame, but I have the satisfaction of having done my duty.

QUARRYING AT WILMCOTE

In 'Midlands Miscellany' ROGER WILSON talked about the stone once quarried at Wilmcote, near Stratford-on-Avon. 'Where', he said, 'stone was in fact being quarried and used for building long before the village became an attraction for tourists and lovers of Shakespeare. We do not know when the earliest quarrying took place, but by the sixteenth century Wilmcote stone was being taken to nearby Stratford for use



Pablo Casals conducting in the church in Prades near Perpignan during the Bach festival in 1950

in repairing Clopton Bridge. In 1541 and 1546 we hear of one Thomas Edkins, owner of a quarry, supplying stone for this purpose. Thomas came of a family which has lived in Wilmcote for centuries. His wife was Katherine, sister of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother.

'Two hundred years later, in 1744, when the common fields of Wilmcote were enclosed, we find in the Commissioners' Award a reference to Richard Edkins, who in addition to farming in the open fields, carried on the trade of stone-mason. From that date until well into the nineteenth century five successive generations of the family occupied Gipsy Hall farm, near the quarries.

'There is plenty of evidence to show us that quarrying on some scale continued right from the sixteenth century. A good number of cottages and other buildings in the village, including part of Mary Arden's cottage itself, are constructed of local stone, and even where brick was used in the main structure the big slabs of grey lias stone were still favoured for flooring purposes.

'Apart from its use in the village itself Wilmcote stone found its way into a number of well-known buildings both in Warwickshire and elsewhere. When St. Mary's Church at Warwick was rebuilt by the Smith brothers after the disastrous fire of 1694, the contract specified Wilmcote stone for facing the staircase. The accounts of the Stratford Chamberlains throughout the seventeenth century have numerous references to purchases of Wilmcote stone. In 1768 a Mr. Taylor supplied a chimney piece for the Market Hall at Stratford, and four years later a quarry at Wilmcote was bought by William Eborall, who built the Castle Bridge over the Avon at Warwick. Farther afield, Sir Charles Barry's Houses of Parliament, completed in 1852, and the Royal Courts of Justice, finished thirty years later, both have flooring of Wilmcote stone'.

JOHN WESLEY IN SCOTLAND

Speaking in the Scottish Home Service about John Wesley's visits over forty years to almost every town in Scotland, the REV. JOHN C. BOWMER said, 'In the late afternoon of Wednesday, April 24, 1751, two men were seen riding into the little town of Musselburgh. The older of them was a man approaching his forty-eighth birthday and was dressed in the travelling attire of a Church of England clergyman. John Wesley was entering Scotland for the first time. The next day, Wesley got his first glimpse of Edinburgh—not, of course, as we know it today. It was old Edinburgh before Princes Street gardens were ever thought of. Wesley was not impressed. "One of the dirtiest cities I have ever seen", was what he wrote in his Journal.

'It was not easy for John Wesley to make friends with Scotland. In fact, George Whitefield had advised him to keep out of the country altogether. There was so little about Wesley to commend him to Scotsmen. He had little sympathy with the Stuart cause and the 1745 rebellion was still a very vivid memory. Furthermore, Wesley was an episcopalian, hardly an asset for a newcomer to Scotland at a time when episcopacy was virtually banned. Above all, he had little love for Calvinism. However, having survived the sticks and stones of English mobs, he crossed the border and hoped for the best. Contrary to all prediction, he was received with a courtesy he never forgot. He found the Scots eager listeners to what he had to say; so much so that on a later visit to Scotland he wrote, "I spoke as plain as ever I did in my life; but I never knew any in Scotland offended at plain dealing. In this respect the North Britons are a pattern to all mankind".

'At the inns where he lodged, he was amazed to find men and women willing to join with him in evening prayers. There is a delightful flash of humour in the Journal where he records these prayers at the wayside inn. I can see the smile on his face as he writes, "Among all the sins they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned to scoff at sacred things".

'The Journal of John Wesley, however, is not a bare record of the travels of an evangelist. It is so full of pithy remarks about places and people that one can learn quite a lot about life in the eighteenth century. Wesley was an observant traveller and when he was in Scotland, for instance, he jotted down all sorts of things that caught his eye—the gowns worn by the students of Glasgow University, some tombstones at Dumfries, furniture from laburnum wood in a Highland home where

he stayed. He remarks about the cathedral at Elgin, the royal palaces at Scone and Holyrood, Arthur's Seat and the castle at Edinburgh. Several times he comments on the fording of the Solway, a very tricky operation which more than once landed him in trouble.

'He tells us what the roads and inns were like, and how, one very windy day, he climbed on to the Bass Rock on his hands and knees. He tells us that the ancient name for Arbroath was Aberbrothwick (though more correctly it was Aberbrothock). He liked the Abbey, but when he saw how it had been mutilated he wrote, "The zealous reformers, they told us, burnt this down. God deliver us from reforming mobs!"

'Most of the preachers thought that Methodism

should adapt itself to Scottish susceptibilities; Wesley was much less compromising. When one of his assistants tried to organise the Glasgow society on the lines of a Scottish kirk session he wrote, "Sessions! Elders! We Methodists have no such customs. I require you immediately to disband that session at Glasgow".

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

'I don't suppose for one minute', said McDONALD PRAIN in a Home Service talk, 'that history will reserve a place for Samuel Tebbit, and that seems to me a great pity. He is not a politician or a military commander; he is a New York bus driver who was had up recently for stealing a single decker bus from the City of New York municipality. There is nothing very original or significant about that, but there was in the way he did it. One day he simply drove it slap through the terminus, and there was no news of it until three days later when a patrolman spotted it parked below a shady tree in Gassaway, West Virginia. Sam Tebbit was there too sunning himself on the grassy bank of a river. In due course he came up before the magistrate who asked him to give some explanation of this extraordinary lapse. He had been a bus driver for eleven years with a clean sheet. Sam's explanation was honest enough to be almost frightening. He said, "Well, it was such a lovely day I didn't feel like wastin' it on route 87 . . .". He got off with only the price of the petrol he had used on the outing and a severe reprimand. The bus company out of the goodness of their hearts reinstated Sam, and he went back to his old routine on route 87, and to his astonishment he was overwhelmed by the reception from his regulars. The news of Samuel Tebbit's illicit excursion spread like wildfire, and had he not incurred the extreme displeasure of the City Fathers Sam would probably have had a triumphant drive down Broadway with his bus bedecked with the flowers and green branches he had gathered in West Virginia'.



Bronze equestrian statue of John Wesley. He wrote in his Journal, 'In riding above 100,000 miles I scarce ever remember any horse (except two that would fall head over heels anyway) to fall or make a considerable stumble while I rode with a slack rein'.

The Artist and Society

By THOMAS MANN

THE artist and society'. I have asked myself whether or not one knows what a ticklish theme one has been given. Alas, I am afraid one does know, perfectly well, and is only putting on an innocent air. Why not say at once: the artist and politics, since the word society is nothing but a screen to hide the political? A pretty poor hiding-place too, since as a social critic the artist is already politically moulded and politically minded—a moralist, all told; and the proper name for this talk should be 'The Artist and Morality': an insidious topic, as if calculated to embarrass us. For surely, they realise that the artist is not originally a moral being but an aesthetic one, his primary drive being not virtue but play—not virtue but virtuosity, as it were.

I do not mean to disparage the artist when I state the fact of his loose relation to morality, and accordingly to politics and the social problem. Never should I blame an artist who declared that reforming the world's morals was no business of his. The artist, he would say, 'improves' the world not by moral precepts but by quite different means: improves upon it by endowing it with spirit and meaning. He uses thought, word, and image to set down his own life, and, figuratively, life as a whole. His task is to animate—just that and nothing more.

Goethe's Opinion

Goethe—who says the right thing in the most charming manner about most things in the world—says straight out: 'A work of art may have a moral effect, but to demand moral purpose from the artist is to make him ruin his job'. The word 'job' has an oddly modest sound, and another saying of Goethe's makes it even clearer that modesty does play a part in the reluctance of the artist to moralise. As an old man Goethe said: 'It was never my way to rage against established institutions. That always seemed presumptuous to me, and maybe I became too courtly too soon'. To his mind, then, the artist oversteps his limits by indulging in ethical, social, and political criticism—yes, by doing so he commits an offence against modesty. And should not modesty be his native trait? It actually is—and not only in his relation to the real world and its 'institutions', but also in relation to art itself. Art, with a large A, usually makes the artist feel small and insignificant, even to the point of his not believing that he has any truck with it or in any way shares in its dignity or significance. Let me illustrate this by telling a little story.

In the winter of 1929, in Stockholm, during a luncheon given by the publisher, Bonnier, I sat next to Selma Lagerloef, the great novelist, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, and Member of the Swedish Academy. We talked about her most popular work, the world-famous *Goesta Berlings Saga* and the amazing career of this novel in all languages and across all borders. 'Dear me, yes', she said, 'it turned out like that, but you must not suppose I thought much of it when I wrote the book. I wrote it down for my young nieces and nephews. It was a form of amusement like another. We thought it fun, you know, and it made us laugh'. I was delighted, for the very same thing had happened to me. I told her about the case of the book which played a similar role in my professional life to that which *Goesta Berlings* did in hers: I mean *Buddenbrooks*. This too had originally been a family matter and family entertainment, scribbled as a lark by a rather harum-scarum youth of twenty. I read it to my people and we laughed till we cried. That the world would know how to take hold of it; that this novel, or whatever it was, would become the occasion and ground for my sitting there in Stockholm beside the author of *Goesta Berlings*—such an idea never entered our heads as we sat there and laughed.

I told this story to Selma Lagerloef in exchange for hers. And I am telling them both to you as an instance of the fact that this far-famed art does not in its individual manifestations at all recognise its true nature, but regards itself more or less as a newly invented, private and eccentric jest. The originator of such jests surely does not feel that his occupation is particularly worthy of respect. His own view is that he is just playing the fool, and as a member of human society he even

feels a certain guilt. What I am describing is the 'bohemian' temper of the artist, for indeed, *bohème*, psychologically speaking, is nothing but social irregularity, a guilty conscience, to be resolved in levity, self-irony, and flippant humour about society and its demands. This bohemianism of the artist, which he never quite abandons, is not fully defined, though, unless we concede that it possesses a certain sense of intellectual, nay *even moral*, hauteur towards indignant society, so that in the end the irony of the bohemian assumes a double role; it becomes irony against the self, as well as irony against society. However, of these two, irony against oneself is the greater—and for good reasons.

When the artist, thanks to early unconscious achievements begins to share personally in the impersonal dignity of art, he inclines instinctively and mockingly to reject what is called success, for he clings to that still quite personal, quite profitless, quite free-wheeling early stage of his art, when it was still unconscious of itself as art, when it laughed at itself. At bottom, the artist would like to keep it like that. It should, he thinks, never cease to laugh at itself, and he at any rate always wants to go on like that, instead of receiving honours and titles with a solemn face, a traitor to his wild and lonely youth. He shrinks from the 'dignification' of his life—a shame-faced shrinking, for, first and foremost it springs from the modesty of the artist in face of art. And how could this natural modesty be absent in a field not his own, but in that of reality, of intercourse with human beings, of society?

At this point I must say a few words about the strange bond between art and critique. One sees many artists who are at the same time judges of art, critics of art, who set themselves up as such, one might say, in view of the inherent contradiction when someone who himself feels insignificant in the face of art has no qualms about acting as an authority. In fact, however, a critical element is inherent in all art. It is indispensable to every form of disciplined production, and in the first instance is a matter of self-discipline. You will understand that in speaking to you about the relation of the artist to society it is above all the artist as poet, as writer, the man of the word, whom I have at heart.

And is not the word itself already critique? It is an arrow from the bow of Apollo that whizzes, finds the bull's eye, quivers there: and having pledged his allegiance to the word, the artist cannot dissociate himself from a certain opposition to reality, to society, to life. Here we have the attitude of the intellectual as opposed to that of a stupid and pig-headed humanity. Here is and always has been the destiny of the writer; it has always influenced and determined his attitude towards life. The principles which seem to me to delimit the existence of the poet and man of letters are *knowledge* and *form*: these both at one and the same time. The characteristic feature is, that for him these two, knowledge and form, are an organic unit, in which each determines, requires and produces the other. This unity means to him spirit, beauty, freedom—everything. Where it is not, there is stupidity, just average everyday human stupidity, which manifests itself both as ignorance and as formlessness—and the artist does not know which of the two annoys him more.

Ambiguity of the Word 'Good'

Here, if anywhere, is ground for the artist's sense of his intellectual and, as I said, moral superiority to bourgeois society. Indubitably, the criticism inherent in art has a moral component which hails from the idea of the 'good'—that idea rooted in the aesthetic as well as the moral. The appreciative layman enjoying a work of art uses the word 'beautiful' to praise it. But the artist, the craftsman, does not say 'beautiful', he says 'good'. He prefers this word because it expresses more exactly and more soberly the professionally and technically commendable qualities he has in mind. But that is not the whole of it. The truth is, the whole sphere of art lies in this ambiguous word 'good', whose meaning extends beyond the merely aesthetic over into the universally acceptable, and thence upwards toward the highest, most compelling idea of perfection.

Good and evil—good and bad. Nietzsche split many a psychological

hair over these opposites, but it is a question whether evil and bad are really so different from one another as he said. In the world of aesthetics, certainly, evil, the jeeringly inhuman and cruel, need not necessarily be bad. What it must have is style, then it is 'good'. In the world of life and society, however, the bad, the stupid and the false are also evil; they are inhuman, pernicious and vile. And wherever critique of art turns outward, it becomes at once social, it becomes moral, and the artist turns into a social moralist.

We have known him long since in this capacity. The ruling type and form of literary art today is the novel; and almost by its very nature, almost *eo ipso*, the novel is the social novel, it is a social critique. Such it was and such it is everywhere it has flourished, in England, France, Russia and Italy, also in the Scandinavian countries. In Germany—there it is a rather different matter. What the German calls his inwardness, his *Innerlichkeit* makes him loath to deal with social problems. Germany has, we know, produced instead a more introspective genre, the novel of education, the *Erziehungsroman*, the novel of development. Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, the classic example of this sublimation of the simple and naive novel of adventure, proves that it is even so descriptive of society. For this great work plainly shows how easily and spontaneously an account of personal, adventurous self-development transcends the educational, and, as it were despite itself, issues in the social, even in the political.

Indivisibility of Human Problem

As far as politics are concerned, Goethe, too, and no matter how eagerly he warned the artist to beware of it, was unable to resolve the insoluble or break the implicit bond between art and politics, between intellect and politics. What was at work here was the whole range of human interests and it should not be denied. Goethe's aggressiveness against romanticism, sentimental patriotism, pro-Catholic notions, worship of the Middle Ages, poetic hypocrisy, sophisticated obscurantism of every kind—what was all that but politics, in aesthetic-literary disguise but yet at bottom just unadulterated politics. Because romanticism, the chief object of his aversion, was itself already political—namely counter-revolution. You may try to escape from the dilemma by talking about cultural policies, intellectual trends as opposed to 'real' politics, politics in the 'narrower' sense. All that you accomplish is to confirm the indivisibility of the problem of humanity, which never and nowhere has a 'narrower' significance but embraces within itself all human activity. Aesthetics, morality, the social, the political—they are all part of it.

And right here this very unity makes you conscious of a disconcerting disunity, as you see the diversity and contradictions of mind and spirit and their relation to the human problem. The idea that the intellect by its very nature is 'left', if I may use the socio-political epithet, has something natural, something instinctive about it. The intellect, accordingly, is bound up with ideas of freedom, of progress, of humanity. This is an oft-refuted prejudice. The intellect may be 'rightist' just as well—and has been, most brilliantly. Sainte-Beuve said of the inspired reactionary Joseph de Maistre, the author of the book *Du Pape*, that 'of a writer, he had only the gift', no more. That is a very pretty judgment; it implies the biased notion that literature and progress are identical. Also it bows to the idea that even with the highest form of talent, with the most extraordinary wit and brilliancy, one may be the spokesman for inhumanity, the hangman, the stake, the Inquisition—in short for everything which progress and the liberals consider the kingdom of the damned.

Let us use the French Revolution as a test of a political-social event. Take the attitude of Michelet to this historical phenomenon, and that of Edmund Burke, the author of *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, which the romantic statesman-writer, Friedrich von Gentz, translated into German. The work exerted immense influence far into the present century. Actually I have myself during a conservative-nationalistic and anti-democratic period in my life, at the time of the first world war, cited from that book with enthusiasm. It is a first-rate work; if excellence of style is any proof of the excellence of the cause it supports, then Burke's cause was a very good one.

In our own time we have a fascinating instance of conservative, or if you like reactionary, social criticism going hand in hand with the most subtle artistic progressivism. I mean the case of the late Knut Hamsun. He was an apostate from liberalism, moulded by the influence of Dostoevsky and Nietzsche, hating civilisation, urban life, industrialism, and above all, so passionately anglophobe and germanophil, that when Hitler came he pledged his allegiance to National Socialism,

fervently and actively, and became a quisling. No one who really knew his work, the work of a great poet, ought to have been surprised by his intellectual position and personal lot. One only needed to remember how amusingly, with what biting wit, he ridiculed, even in his earliest works, such historical-liberal types as Victor Hugo and Gladstone. But what in 1895 had been an interesting position, aesthetically speaking, a paradox of belles-lettres, became in 1933 acutely political, casting a dark and melancholy shadow across his renown as a poet and writer.

The case of Ezra Pound is akin to that of Hamsun. It presents another disturbing instance for the deep dichotomy of the spirit in relation to the social problem. A bold artist and lyric avant-gardist, he too embraced fascism, acted as its propagandist during the second world war, and lost out when victory fell to the democratic arms—this victory which seems now such a problematic one to democracy. The poet, condemned and confined as a traitor, received an important literary award, the Bollinger Prize, from a jury of distinguished Anglo-American writers. The award bore witness to the measure of independence from political bias which was evinced by the aesthetic judgment. Or was the political aspect perhaps not so remote as it appeared? I am surely not the only one wishful to know whether the distinguished jury would have awarded the Bollinger Prize to Ezra Pound if he had happened to be a communist instead of a fascist.

Today, even a remark like the one I have just made is enough to lay the speaker open to the suspicion of being a communist. Such a suspicion would wrong me—or, if you will, do me too much honour. I am badly furnished for impersonating a communist. My writings are full of all the vices abhorred by communism, such as formalism, psychologism, scepticism, decadent trends, what you will, not omitting a sense of humour and a certain weakness for the truth. For love of truth is a weakness, according to any absolutist partisanship. On the other hand, however, I have no intention of taking the shilling of militant anti-communism. It is fascism, and not communism which I, old fashioned as I know I am, keep regarding as the most repulsive offspring of political history. It was the victories of fascism, and its—at bottom—undesired defeat, which drove me further to the left in social philosophy; it was due to them that I have been turned at times into a hedge priest of democracy, a role whose comic side I could never ignore, even when I was most passionately longing for Hitler's downfall.

The political moralisings of an artist have undeniably something comic about them. Moreover his propaganda for humanitarian ideals must inevitably bring him rather closer than close to the platitudinous. Such has been my experience. A few minutes ago I was speaking of reactionary social inclinations on the part of certain writers; I called them a paradox, a contradiction, so to speak, between the man's profession and the way he practised it. At the same time I was quite aware that this paradox and this contradiction might have great intellectual charm, that they may be more rewarding intellectually and afford an incomparably better guard against banality than does political good-naturedness. It is a question—or rather it hardly comes in question—as to who was intellectually the more interesting political man of letters, Joseph de Maistre or Victor Hugo. But if this is not in dispute, we had better ask ourselves whether, in things political, in dealing with the needs of humanity, it does not matter more to be kindly than to be interesting.

Faith without Faith

'Almost too good to be true', was the description given by an English critic, Philip Toynbee, of the position which has been mine now for thirty years. He said it in an article entitled 'The Isolated World-Citizen', in *The Observer*, a brief 700 words, perhaps the most apt that have been said about my life, in England or anywhere else. Young Toynbee is right: my position has slightly questionable elements in it; for instance, optimism, democracy, humanitarianism, belief in humanity, even my 'world citizenship'. For my books are desperately German: whatever they reveal of dabblings in social and political matters is the result of a struggle with natural modesty, and also with the pessimism of a mind which had undergone a Schopenhauer schooling: a mind little fitted by nature for generous humanitarian gestures. To put it baldly: I have not much faith, nor even much faith in faith. I put more faith in goodness, which can exist without faith and may indeed be the product of doubt.

Lessing said of his drama 'Nathan the Wise': 'It is by no means to be a satirical piece, leaving the stage with scornful laughter. It is to be as moving a piece as I have ever penned'. Instead of 'satirical', he might have said 'nihilistic', if that word had existed; instead of

'moving', he might have said 'kindly'; this in order to protest against the view that because he was a doubter, he was also a disdainful nihilist. Art, no matter how bitterly she arraigns, no matter how deeply she mourns the perishableness and decline of creation, no matter how far she goes in irony against all that is, even against herself: it is not art's way to 'leave the stage with scornful laughter'. She does not threaten life with cold, diabolic, nihilistic claw, instead of being life's animating spirit as she should. She is bound up with the good, she is rooted in kindness which is akin to wisdom, even closer akin to love. If she likes to make men laugh, it is not scornful laughter she wants to provoke. She purveys a blitheness, in which hate and stupidity are

resolved, which sets free and unites. Always from isolation born anew, her function is to unite.

Art is the last to cherish illusions about her influence on the fate of men. Contemner though she is of the base, she has never been able to halt the march of evil. Intent on endowing life with reason and dignity, she has never been able to put a stop to the most arrant nonsense. She is not a force, she is only a comfort. Playing a game of the profoundest seriousness, she symbolises man's eternal striving after perfection. Art has been granted to him as his companion from the very beginning of time. And from her unclouded innocence man will never be able to turn away his guilt-darkened eye.—*Third Programme*

Memories of Isadora Duncan

By GORDON CRAIG

I HAVE something to say about Isadora Duncan. In fact I have a good deal to say of her: but that can wait and take its place in my memoirs. The something I have to say now is that she was the first and only dancer I ever saw—except for some in a street in Genoa and some in a barn near York.

Isadora came to us in the first years of this century. When she died it seemed to some of us that dancing ceased. Dancing and ballet dancing are two separate things. Ballet dancing had been flourishing for at least 300 years, but remember this: dancing is as old as the human race. I have no reason to take ballet quite so seriously as do certain enthusiasts of the last thirty years. Ballet may have been a fine, strong plant in the seventeenth century, when Monteverdi in Italy and Ben Jonson in England were alive to write music and verse for these rare spectacles—not money-making spectacles but given at royal and ducal courts. For the general public in those days were quite happy to be out of it, and publicity agents were not being paid to work up the business at court. The public in those days danced together as they do today—not in large winter gardens or skating rinks at half-a-crown or five shillings a head entrance fee; but among themselves for pleasure. It therefore enjoyed its jigs and other jolly dances, and left ballet to display itself in the not very large rooms of very fine palaces.

The public preferred to enjoy things in a homely way; the public had not been taught by publicity agents of every kind to consider itself somebody. It loved a dance—ballet was rather ridiculous to it, not that the public ever said so in so many words, for its opinion was never asked. Neither was money needed: its presence at court was out of the question. The dancers therefore did not have to please any public, and could dance as their masters and the poets and composers decided they should do. Critics were not present to write them up or write them down in next morning's newspapers. All therefore was perfectly safe; the dance might do as it pleased and might hope to please a few.

But this century, it may not do that; all sorts of different people's interests have had to be considered. All became therefore very unsafe. Into this dangerous world leapt Isadora. The world raved about her for several years, as it will rave, and often ignorantly; and then it actually forgot her. People called her a great artist—a Greek goddess—but she was nothing of the kind. She was something quite different from anyone and anything else. I always thought how Irish she was, which means, how full of natural genius which defies description: but she had more than that. Yet she had the tip-tilted nose and the little firm chin, and the dream in her heart of the Irish who are so sweet to know. And in her eye was California, and this eye looked out over Europe and thought well of what it saw.

What more she had, no one will ever describe. She was a forerunner. All she did was done with very great ease—or so it seemed, at least. This it was which gave her an appearance of power. She projected the dance into this world of ours in full belief that what she was doing was right and great. And it was. She threw away ballet skirts and ballet thoughts. She discarded shoes and stockings too. She put on some bits of stuff which when hung up on a peg looked more like torn rags than anything else; when she put them on they became transformed. Stage dresses usually transform the performers, but in her case it was these bits which actually became transformed by her putting them on. She transformed them into marvels of beauty and at every step she took they spoke. I do not exaggerate.

I shall never forget the first time I saw her come on to an empty platform to dance. It was in Berlin, the year 1904—please make a note of that, somebody says it was 1905—the month December. Not on a theatre stage was this performance, but in a concert-hall, and you know what the platforms of concert-halls were like in 1904.

She came through some small curtains which were not much taller than she was herself; she came through them and walked down to where a musician, his back turned to us, was seated at a grand piano; he had just finished playing



Isadora Duncan: a photograph taken in 1899

'Picture Post' Library



Isadora Duncan with pupils of her school of Greek dancing, 1908

Mander-Mitchelson theatre collection

a short prelude by Chopin when in she came, and in some five or six steps was standing by the piano, quite still and, as it were, listening to the hum of the last notes. . . . You might have counted five, or even eight, and then there sounded the voice of Chopin again, in a second prelude or etude; it was played through gently and came to an end and she had not moved at all. Then one step back or sideways, and the music began again as she went moving on before or after it. Only just moving—not pirouetting or doing any of those things which we expect to see, and which a Taglione or a Fanny Elssler would have certainly done. She was speaking in her own language, not echoing any ballet master, and so she came to move as no one had ever seen anyone move before. The dance ended, and again she stood quite still. No bowing, no smiling—nothing at all. Then again the music is off, and she runs from it—it runs after her then, for she has gone ahead of it.

Language of the Dancer

How is it that we know she is speaking her own language? We know it, for we see her head, her hands, gently active, as are her feet, her whole person. And if she is speaking, what is it she is saying? No one would ever be able to report truly, yet no one present had a moment's doubt. Only this can we say—that she was telling to the air the very things we longed to hear and until she came we had never dreamed we should hear; and now we heard them, and this sent us all into an unusual state of joy, and I sat still and speechless.

I remember that when it was over I went rapidly round to her dressing-room to see her, and there too I sat still and speechless in front of her for a while. She understood my silence very well; all talk being unnecessary. She was tired after her dancing, and was resting. No one else came to see her. Far, far off we heard applause going on. After a while, she put on a cloak, and shoes and out we went into the streets of Berlin, where the snow looked friendly and the shops still lighted up, the Christmas trees all spangled and lighted, and we walked and talked of the shops. The shops, the Christmas trees, the crowd—no one heeded us. Time passed, time went on.

Some weeks later on she thought she could found a school of such a dance; or she said she thought so. She had forgotten what her much-loved poet Whitman had said: 'I charge you that you found no school after me . . .'. Very cautious was that poet, and he often uses this word 'caution' in his books, as you will have noticed.

Isadora caused the rash enthusiasts to imitate her, to do it well or to do it badly, but she laboured very long to create a school, talking much for very many years about it all, getting girls into a school-house and putting her sister Elizabeth (a very clever woman) to train them. The first result of this showed well; I saw this first showing at a matinee at the Kroll Opera House in Berlin, where, after dancing her own dances, turning towards the wings she called her little pupils to come to her and please the public with their little leapings and runnings: as they did, and with her leading them the whole troupe became irresistibly lovely. I suppose some people even then and there began reasoning about it all, trying to pluck out the heart of the mystery. But I and hundreds of others who saw this first revelation did not stop to reason, for we too had all read what the poets had written of life and love and nature, and we did not reason then; we read, we wept, we laughed for joy. And so it was at the Kroll Opera House that day—we all wept and laughed for joy. And to see her shepherding her little flock, keeping them together and specially looking after one very small one of four years old, was a sight no one there had ever seen before and, I suppose, will never see again.

This is something she did towards forming a school, just as Blake's first two verses in the 'Songs of Innocence' are but something; the whole great singing follows. And as surely did the whole great dancing of Isadora follow after these first wild, lovely steps. Unlike seeds, schools are things of peculiar slow growth; but in this way for ten or more years she projected the dance for us to take with us in our heads and 'in our heart's heart, Horatio'.

Was it art? No, it was not. It was something which inspires those men who labour in the narrower fields of the arts, harder but more lasting. It released the minds of hundreds of such men: one had but to see her dance for one's thoughts to wing their way, as it were, with the fresh air. It rid us of all nonsense we had been pondering so long. How is that—for she said nothing? On the contrary, she said everything that was worth hearing; and everything that anyone else but the poets had forgotten to say. Yet here was a divine accident.

How did she do it? Ask a poet how he makes his verse. Yeats answered: 'I made it out of a mouthful of air'. He is right. You may

find that an unpractical answer, but do you get any further if he tells you, like Baudelaire, 'I made it always by reading the dictionary'? 'Words, words, words'; it is about all the poet has to work with; so give your son a dictionary if he fancies he will write verse. But tell him, also, what Yeats said. Yet you think by sending your girl to a ballet school you will help her to dance. You will not; you will hinder her. What must she do then? She should do what Isadora did: learn what it is to *move*: to step, to walk, to run; few people can do these things. Did it ever occur to you? First the thought, then the head, then the hands and feet a little, just move, and look around, watch all that is moving. Tell that to your daughter. For dance comes with movements; but there are no first, second, and third positions unless you are drilling for a soldier, though after all each dancer will make his own first, second, and third positions if he wants to, but they must be *his own*.

How long did it take Isadora to move? About five minutes (that is no answer, yet it is the only true one anyone can give); and then she taught herself how to move this way, that way, every way. But not according to the teaching of Noverre, or of Blasis or Petipas or any of the famous ballet masters. This took her many years to learn. But I believe that that forgotten man, Del Sarte, helped her through his book. Once I found a copy of this book in her room when I was looking for a trunkful of books I had lent her. I did not find the trunkful, so I took this one. Many thousands of people in America and France studied this book by Del Sarte, and yet very few of these thousands ever gleaned any secret from its pages. A word or two to a genius like Isadora is always enough, whereas one hundred thousand are thrown away on duffers.

No 'Tricks of the Trade'

What is it she lacked? What was it she had? She had calm. She had no vanity. She had no cleverness—by which I mean no clever little tricks of the trade—little or no understanding of the arts, a great comprehension of nature and perhaps rather too much ambition.

I have heard Christian Bérard say that he only saw her dance in 1926, or thereabouts, when she was no longer slim. 'Fat', he said, without a shade of contempt or criticism. 'Quite big—fat'. He added this: 'I never saw such movement in my life—a transformation took place when she began to move'.

He and I were in a small and empty restaurant on the Boulevard St.-Germain, when I asked Bérard if he had ever seen Isadora. It was the first time I met him. He was not given to excessive solemnity, though he was one of the most serious of the artists of his day, the day which ended far too soon. He was a very great stage decorator, though 'decoration' in his case is somehow the wrong word, for his thoughts were to create places on the stage which had not been seen before; and this he did, places peopled with figures not seen before either. Other people have written and will write of his work; not, perhaps, as it deserves, but having seen him at work they will be able to write more knowingly than I can speak of it here. Yet his artistry pervaded the performance of Giraudoux's 'La Folle de Chaillot': he did not merely design the scenes and costumes, that is simply nothing, for having the good Jouvet as his *metteur en scène*, who was also the master of the theatre in which the work appeared, he had perfect liberty to let his imagination play freely, and Jouvet let it play freely. So that almost every move of the figures in the second act was his, as was each costume and each yard of scenery, of course, and all these he caused to act as no other artist has done to my knowledge. It was design ever changing and always keeping a unity, split up as the parts were, a dress here passed a dress there and achieved designs as it went, passing at such and such an angle through such and such a light. This never ceased in that act—and I have admired no bit of *mise en scène* more.

So when the admirable Bérard spoke of Isadora Duncan, and with such gentleness, and only yesterday, when nearly all Paris has forgotten her, it said a great deal to me; and may these my words about her say something to you.—*Third Programme*

'Henry VI: Parts I, II and III', edited by John Dover Wilson, are now ready in the Cambridge University Press 'The New Shakespeare' library, at 12s. 6d. each (cloth), 21s. each in leather. 'A Broadcast in the Making' is the title of a 'filmstrip' prepared by Educational Productions, Ltd., of East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorkshire, as part of a social studies series. It is intended for use in schools and is sold at 15s. with teaching notes. The full text of the Stevenson Memorial Lecture on *Anglo-American Relations in the Atomic Age* by James B. Conant, a shortened version of which was recently broadcast in the Third Programme, has been published by Oxford University Press, price 5s.

Dublin after Twenty Years

By J. M. RICHARDS

A LOT can happen to a city in twenty years, and usually a lot does. It looked at first as though Dublin was a strange exception when I saw it the other day for the first time since I lived there nearly twenty years ago. In Dublin it is the centre you see first; that is, if you come via Liverpool; for it is one of the few capital cities—Stockholm is another—where you can sail from the sea right into its very heart. From Gandon's imposing Custom

be described as slums. Lately the Dublin Corporation has tried out a scheme for rescuing some of them. In Gardiner Street, Sean MacDermott Street, and elsewhere, they have virtually rebuilt the houses behind the existing street facades, not for reoccupation by middle-class people, which is what generally happens when Georgian streets in London are rescued from slumdom—in places like Chelsea, for instance—but so that the working-class people who had taken them over can go on living in them free of the squalor due to overcrowding and neglect.

This is a problem we are constantly faced with in England, too: how to adapt our fine Georgian streets and squares to contemporary uses when the houses in them can no longer serve quite their original purpose. We do not want to sweep them away and start afresh, for aesthetic, for town-planning, and for what the hard-hearted might call merely sentimental reasons. So this Dublin experiment is of some interest, and there can be nothing but praise for the intention behind it. But from the point of view of preserving the charm of the Georgian architecture, it must be called a failure. To begin with, the tall brick facades have been cleaned down and repointed in cement, and the result is a harsh, unsympathetic surface with none of the charm that was there before. One must be careful not to criticise this lack of charm too severely, because I suspect that these towering brick fronts looked pretty forbidding when newly built in the eighteenth century. It was time that had mellowed them, and time can do so again. But much of their charm was given them by their graceful iron balconies and railings, and these have been removed and not put back. The area railings have been replaced by clumsy concrete walls. The delicate Georgian fanlights have been replaced by modern glass panels louvred to ventilate the entrance halls; and, least forgivable of all—least forgivable because the saving in cost must have been relatively small—the white plastered window reveals have been done away with: a characteristic detail that gives liveliness and an emphatic pattern to nearly all Georgian street

facades, especially when seen obliquely in perspective. The ugliness of the whole effect is particularly disappointing in view of the fabulous expense of this experiment in rehabilitation. It could be done sensitively and therefore more successfully, and I hope another attempt will be



A capital city where 'you can sail from the sea right into its very heart': Dublin—the eighteenth-century Custom House on the left; and behind, to the right of it, the bus terminus in Store Street

House in front of which you disembark, it is but a step to the main streets in the centre. These seemed just as I remembered them. The trams had gone—green buses have taken their place—and perhaps O'Connell Street had a few more jazzed-up shopfronts and chromium-plated sandwich-bars. But that was all.

The telephone boxes were still the ugliest in Europe, and the city landscape was still punctuated by its stately public buildings of the eighteenth century, not yet obscured by newer, vaster structures, which is what has happened to the corresponding buildings in so many other places. On reflection I think that is the secret of Dublin's agreeably old-fashioned look: the scale of the city is still human; it has not been confused by the different scale of high or bulky modern buildings. Domestic buildings have not yet been dwarfed by commercial buildings. The city is still all of a piece.

One of the beauties of Dublin, as we all know, is the great quantity—street after street, as it seems, and square after square—of lovely Georgian houses, their severe brick fronts relieved by delicate ironwork and discreetly ornamental doorways and fanlights, spaciouly planned, the wide streets in several cases culminating in classical churches which stare gravely down them—straight out of an aquatint by Malton. One remembers them with most pleasure steeped in that mellow light which is another of the beauties of Dublin, a mild rather hazy sunlight, as though the time in Dublin was always evening and the season always autumn.

Now, for a great many years numbers of these Georgian houses have been falling into decay—whole streets of them, in fact, especially north of the river, for example in the Mountjoy Square area. Many can only



New houses on the outskirts of Dublin

Irish News Agency

made, because the alternative would be to pull down the whole street in such cases and put up modern flats, and the working-class flats built since the war elsewhere in Dublin by the Corporation Housing Department are of a quite horrifying ugliness.

These rebuilt Georgian streets are the most interesting architectural efforts in inner Dublin, except for the new bus terminus, of which more in a moment. Farther out, round the fringe of the city, there is something else going on, and one realises with a shock how wrong one was to have assumed, from the appearance of the centre, that Dublin was not changing. It is, and rapidly, and greatly for the worse. All round the outer suburbs there is what almost amounts to a building boom—or at any rate a housing boom; a feverish rash of (mostly speculative) housing estates, but with hardly any planning control.

Like England in the Nineteen-Thirties

It is fascinating, if somewhat depressing, to observe—and it gives one that feeling of sitting again through a film one has seen already—that Ireland is in almost exactly the position, as regards town-planning, that England was in in the nineteen-thirties; that is, before the 1944 and 1947 Planning Acts. The evils those acts were designed to remedy—ribbon development included—are now rampant across the Irish Sea. The mistakes we committed then—which made outer London, for example, the despair of sociologists, architects and planners—are being committed in outer Dublin now. Whether Ireland's failure to learn from English experience is due to nationalist pride or sheer apathy and unawareness, I am not prepared to say. Perhaps everyone has to learn the hard way, by making the mistakes themselves. But the price Dublin is paying for the lesson is a tragic one, made the more so by the beautiful surroundings with which Dublin has been equipped by nature. I know of no other city with so rapid, so enchanting a transition from built-up area to wild countryside. The Wicklow mountains sweep down to within half-a-dozen miles of the centre, but now they also sweep down into a formless scattering of crimson-roofed villas, strung in endless chains along the roadside or spreading out into vast new housing estates, for whose concrete roads and semi-detached villas even the trees previously there have been ruthlessly bulldozed away.

Ireland is not altogether without town-planning legislation but what there is seems to be very largely permissive in character, rather than compulsory, and to operate with plenty of latitude all round. Dublin—like so many other places—even has a plan by Sir Patrick Abercrombie, which, although it has never been given legal force, is supposed to be followed as regards the general lines of development; and it has a green belt scheme, though that does not seem to stop buildings from encroaching on the green belt.

Unfortunately it is not only in their planning that the new housing estates on the fringe of the city menace the amenities of Dublin. Architecturally, too, they are very little different from the sort of speculative estates that used to grow up on the edge of English cities in the bad old days between the two wars. The designs are not perhaps quite so fanciful and there is not the same fondness for sham half-timbering and olde-worlde-ness. Instead, there is the whole array of modernistic clichés that have been devised since: corner windows, horizontal panes, jazz-patterned front doors, and the like. And there is the same use of standard plans for the ubiquitous semi-detached villas, irrespective of orientation, the same garish colouring and flashy contrasts of material, the same air of flimsiness about everything.

This garishness and this flimsiness are aggravated by the materials. At least a sense of solidity and substance goes with the old-fashioned brick, which used to be the commonest building material even for cheap houses. But brick is being used in Ireland less and less; in fact there is only one brick-field of any size operating within reach of Dublin. The beds of clay from which the bricks for Georgian Dublin came are in many cases worked out. Other brick-fields have ceased production for economic reasons. The substitute is concrete blocks or concrete bricks of the same size as ordinary burnt clay bricks; unlike the brick industry, the cement industry is flourishing, supported by the Government. Nearly all the new houses are built of these concrete blocks which are finished with rough-cast or rendering, generally in white or cream. For roofing the normal burnt clay tiles are not freely available either. The substitute, once again, is a small concrete tile of a particularly glaring crimson colour which seems neither to weather nor to become less bright with age.

Let it not be thought, from these strictures on the excesses of the suburban housebuilders, that the present generation of Dublin architects has no good work to its credit. Quite a number of promising projects are

afoot. The Board of Works now has, as its chief architect, Raymond McGrath, who was one of the pioneer modern architects in England in the 'thirties. He is a man of taste and ideas, and his influence is already being felt. He has designed, among other things, an immense scheme for new government offices, which has been shelved several times for political reasons and has now been shelved for economic reasons. But it will presumably go ahead in due course. It consists of a ring of office blocks on a circular plan surrounding Dublin Castle, leaving the old buildings, including the fine upstanding circular Record Tower and the Chapel Royal with its fantastic plaster fan-vaulting, dating from the beginning of last century, rising as they do now from spacious collegiate courtyards. It is a bold experiment in marrying the new and the antique—bolder than any we have had the courage to undertake in this country—and will of course revolutionise this quarter of Dublin.

Decent modern architecture is also represented by some interesting new schools, some hospital buildings, a gaily coloured bus garage at Donnybrook (where shell concrete has reared its smooth round head in Ireland for the first time), and Collinstown airport, by Desmond Fitzgerald, a neat symmetrical concrete and glass affair surmounted by the usual circular control tower, which puts the huddle of sheds at Northolt to shame. It was derided as absurdly ambitious when it was built a few years ago, but is already said to be in need of extension.

But more than anything else modern architecture is represented by the new bus terminus, which brings us back to our starting point near the centre of the city, for it is located in Store Street immediately behind the Custom House on North Wall, where the Liverpool boats tie up. To Dubliners the bus terminus has for years occupied the whole foreground of the architectural scene. It is the focus of endless conversation and controversy—though not necessarily architectural controversy, because it is as a political issue that it arouses such fierce partisanship, and opinions as to its merits are demanded of the architectural visitor with the object chiefly of acquiring new weapons with which to belabour political opponents. In fact it exactly fulfils the role in Dublin that the Le Corbusier flats at Marseille still fulfil in France and the Festival architecture fulfilled in London all last year. Designed by Michael Scott, it is uncompromisingly modern, and perhaps for that reason consorts quite happily with the eighteenth-century Custom House to which it provides a new rectilinear background. It consists of a tall slab-like block in reinforced concrete and glass, parallel with the river, with a lower block standing forward at right-angles to it. It stands on columns so that the actual bus station and passenger assembly space flows beneath the building, protected where it emerges by an undulating concrete canopy. These covered spaces will be enriched with coloured mosaics; the external walls of the superstructure are faced with English Portland stone—the Irish native stones are uneconomical because they are too hard to work—but its main surfaces are great windows set in metal frames forming a severely geometrical pattern over the whole facade. Only a somewhat untidy skyline spoils the shapeliness of a cleanly articulated design.

The Bus Terminus

As a result of delays, mostly political in origin, the bus terminus has already been four years building. It is hoped to finish it by the end of this year. It will serve as starting point for the long-distance bus routes which are rapidly superseding the railway services as the means of getting about Ireland. The decay of the railways—a process accelerated by the total cessation of coal imports during the war, when a few trains were kept laboriously running on turf—has incidentally its own architectural implications. The Dublin railway termini are an extraordinarily distinguished group of buildings—no corresponding group in Europe compares with them, but they are going out of use one by one; of the two finest, Broadstone and Kingsbridge, one is already shut down and the other soon will be.

But to return to the bus terminus, as every discussion about architecture in Dublin inevitably must: it will provide not only a starting point for buses and all the facilities required in a transport terminus, but restaurants and a cinema and half-a-dozen floors of offices, and it was the somewhat ambitious scope of this additional accommodation that made the project the target for so much criticism, chiefly because it is a government building enterprise. A change of government soon after the plans had been made led to various changes of policy. They have hardly been smoothed over by the fact that another change of government has now put the programme back roughly where it was. Nevertheless, in spite of its chequered career, it holds out promise of being a splendid building.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Places Lived In

The Home of Ellen Terry

SIR HUGH CASSON on Smallhythe Place, Tenterden

SMALLHYTHE is a fifteenth-century cottage—and here I am going to confess something. We all have our oddities, and one of mine is that I do not really like fifteenth-century cottages. They are usually poky and nearly always dark. They have nasty little squinting windows, and somehow they manage to look at the same time both smug and sinister. If I dislike them so much, you may ask, why on earth go to see one? And the answer lies partly in that interest we all share in other people's houses, but principally in the special curiosity that I have always had about Ellen Terry, of whom I had been told as a child, as Tennyson said of 'Maud'—'There was none like her . . . none'.

And so, rather hot and half-hearted, I set out last week. Hot, because it was one of those scorching days always associated in my mind for some reason with the Air Ministry roof; half-hearted, because my dislike of cottages is usually sharpened when they are associated with actresses. To me there has always been something phoney about an actress and a cottage. The idea reeks of greasepaint and painted canvas and those photographs you see in the glossy weeklies, of Miss Tippy Tiptoes, who 'spends her weekends', says the caption underneath, 'gardening in her lovely medieval home'. And there she sits by the property wellhead, smiling her pretty head off, with spotless gardening gloves in her lap and a Great Dane at her feet, while in the background gleam falsely the black and white fangs of some horrid little home counties cot.

I know this is unfair both to cottages and actresses. Everybody is entitled to live where and how he likes. At the same time I must repeat that, as the train rattled through Kent and I watched the hop poles marching and counter-marching with ridiculous precision up to the railway lines and back again, I remained obstinately unexcited by the prospect before me. But not for long.

For this part of Kent is surely one of the loveliest parts of England—it is as cosy and coloured and well-worn as a nursery toy. Here, centuries ago, were the great forests, with their clearings or 'dens'—and this word 'den' is still preserved in the names of the villages—Rolvenden, Smarden, Biddenden, and Tenterden. And it is only a mile or two beyond this last enchanting tree-planted, tile-hung and weatherboarded little town that you come to Smallhythe. Down a gentle incline between forests of cow parsley as high as your hat—and there it is. A stretch of mown grass guarded by tiny pollarded lime trees, and a white wicket gate set in a clipped hedge. Architecturally speaking, there is nothing very remarkable about it. Just a typical small Kentish farmhouse,

beamed and patched throughout the 500 years of its life, with a roof of pippin-red tiles pulled closely over its ears against the Channel winds. And around it in the paddock, an assortment of sheds and outbuildings propping each other up under the trees. And, like varnish over this rather conventional and post-card prettiness, was that unmistakable look worn by all homes of the famous—that smooth and rather glazed



Smallhythe Place, Tenterden



Left, the living-room; above, Ellen Terry's bedroom

look, as if every inch of its surface had been polished through the years by the passage of a thousand curious eyes.

For nearly thirty years off and on this was the home of Dame Ellen Terry. She bought it in 1900, after seeing it by chance one afternoon when out for a drive with Henry Irving, and it was here, on July 21, 1928, that she died. Eleven years later her daughter presented it to the National Trust as a memorial, and they have left its present care and upkeep in Terry family hands. And what a remarkable and spirited family they were, and still are! Ellen herself, born in 1847 at Coventry, was one of eleven children of actor parents. She made her first appearance at the age of nine, forsook the stage for love of the painter G. F. Watts, whom she married at the age of seventeen. Her wedding dress was designed by Holman Hunt, and she cried as she left the church. 'Don't cry', said Watts, 'it makes your nose swell'.

A Crowded and Adventurous Life

A few years later she eloped with Edward Godwin, architect and friend of Whistler, bore him two children, and returned again to the stage for nearly twenty-five triumphant years with Henry Irving. She made what was to be her last appearance at the Lyric Theatre in 1926. A crowded, adventurous, and splendidly creative life. A life as strong and full as a tide which, when it receded, left for the curious to pick over and treasure hundreds of relics and mementoes—tragic, trivial, pathetic or inspiring. Most of them are stored here, beautifully kept, well labelled, and set out in a pleasantly casual and homely way. To go through these rooms, with their cargo of oddments, is like opening a series of crowded drawers in a chest belonging to some absent-minded old lady who never throws anything away—shoes and combs and Bibles and brooches and letters, all in splendid disarray. But of course it is not quite the same, because the shoes were worn perhaps by Pavlova or Edmund Kean, the Bible belonged to Mrs. Siddons, the brooch was designed by Alma Tadema, the letter (written on elegantly ribbed paper) is from Oscar Wilde.

In the brick-floored living-room by the front door, the relics are grouped in some order round the great names to which they refer—Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, Bernhardt and Duse. You can see the eyeglass of Arthur Sullivan, the visiting-card of Dumas, a leaf from the funeral wreath of Duse. But the best of all, I thought, was framed beneath glass, a dressing-table cover on which Bernhardt, to whom it had been lent, had scribbled in blue eyebrow pencil, 'Merci, my darling'.

Then up the steep rope-railed staircase, past the coloured prints of famous London theatres, to what was once the spare bedroom, where the polished floor heaves and sinks in all directions beneath the sardonic gaze of Henry Irving's death mask. Round the walls in cases stand ranged the fabulous dresses of fifty years ago; Portia, Beatrice, Catherine of Aragon, Ophelia. Silk, satin and damask and fur—all as rich and fresh and shining as they were in those legendary Lyceum days. Lying on the sofa, as if poured from a jug, is the dress she wore as Lady Macbeth in Sargent's famous portrait now in the Tate Gallery—a magical and evil garment, green and glittering and sinister, like some treacherous underwater substance. And there in the corner—for me, a special treat this—the grey riding coat worn by Fred Terry as Sir Percy Blakeney in 'The Scarlet Pimpernel'. Beyond, once a small bedroom, is the library, perched precariously upon the plunging floor. Etchings by Gordon Craig fight for position above the packed and crowded bookshelves, which seem to contain everything from the latest Christopher Fry to *Broken Ties*, a domestic drama of 1872 by Palgrave Simpson, author of (amongst others) *Time and the Hour*, *Caught and Caged*, *Serpent on the Hearth*. I could not resist opening this. 'Stay', said Lionel Warner, a celebrated portrait painter, 'let not one breath of scandal tarnish her good name. She followed the allurements of her art alone'. 'Herbert', said Lord Castletown two pages further on, 'you have my secret. I have a mother whom I do not know'. There was no time, alas, to finish—and anyway you can probably guess the end.

The last of the rooms upstairs is Ellen Terry's bedroom—a room from which the theatre and her public life have been almost entirely shut out. The ceiling is white and low; comfortably worn rugs cover the sloping floor. One window, its sill crammed with geraniums, looks across the road into an orchard; the other, down into the garden, and over the water-meadows of what was once an estuary to the low wooded hills beyond. In this sunny, happily untidy room, Ellen Terry kept all her most intimate possessions and the pictures of those she most loved, in particular her parents and her children. Among the assortment of mugs and bowls upon the mantelpiece I saw a china zebra with one

ear missing. By the fireplace was the basket in which 'Bou-Bou', her favourite cat, would travel to London. There is a romantic self-portrait by Watts, two tiny oil paintings of the hideously spiky little house in Hertfordshire built for her by Godwin, a few simple chairs, a wash-stand, a chest of drawers, and—an extraordinary thing this—a school desk of iron and blistered oak, once used by her children and later her own favourite writing desk. Next to it stands her dressing-table, designed by Godwin—as spindly and affected as one rather suspects perhaps he might have been himself.

What, I wondered, would he have thought of this muddled homely room? Did she, I asked myself, regret the setting in which she and Godwin once lived in Bloomsbury? Forbes Robertson said of it: 'The floor was covered with straw-coloured matting and there was a dado of the same material. Above the dado were white walls, and the hangings were of cretonne with a Japanese pattern in delicate grey-blue. The chairs were of wicker, and in the centre of the room was a full-size cast of the Venus de Milo, before which was a small pedestal holding a censer from which, curving round the Venus, came ribbons of blue smoke'. How very different from the simple appointments of this room at Smallhythe. On the dressing-table, nothing but a pot of Julia Marlow cream, endorsed, said the labels, 'by the greatest celebrities of the country'; some ivory-backed hairbrushes, a photograph of her daughter in a kimono designed by Whistler, a mirror really no bigger than a very large biscuit, and a calendar bearing the date of her death. And there, by the bed, on a table with the candle-stick and little silver bell, lay her beloved, tattered copy of the *Globe Shakespeare*.

I have left to the last the Terry room on the ground floor, once the drawing-room, and the room into which she was carried eventually to die. Here, in this cool, high room, darkened a bit by the sloping roof of the old cowbyre that adjoins it, we return again to Ellen Terry's public life. Framed playbills, cases of souvenirs and programmes and trinkets, her modest make-up basket, and—look for this behind the door—a really charming water-colour of her sister and herself in a huge double bed, after a first night, satin shoes kicked off, silk dresses flung aside, bouquets on the counterpane. And there in the candlelight, the two young thoughtful faces blissfully mulling over together the events of the evening. And then, as I looked out across the lawn, past the poplars and the beehives to where the dragonflies danced above the pond, my eye fell upon a book lying upon the table. It was Ellen Terry's prayer book, and on the fly-leaf she had written, as her last instructions to her family, those lines of William Allingham:

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazing, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness . . .

There was certainly no graveyard grimness about this house. And yet, down here in the Terry room among the relics and faded signatures of the dead, I felt strangely dispirited, perhaps because this room is more like a museum than the rest of the house. The air seemed stilled, the furniture and pictures dusted and impersonal. I suppose Ellen Terry must have used this room, but for me it retained no spark of the brilliance with which throughout her life she lighted her surroundings. And so, when you go to Smallhythe, as I hope you will, may I suggest that you visit the Terry room first and leave to the last that sunny, muddled room upstairs which still looks lived in and beloved.

Smallhythe Place is open daily, except Tuesdays, from March to November, from 1.30-6 p.m. in summer, and 1.30-dusk in winter. The house is two miles south of Tenterden on the east side of the Rye road.

A Wild Sunset

Pray God this be the end,
For I have come a long way.
Wild the light that beacons the western hills
And will not stay,
And the dark tide rising in the soundless valley
Touches the feet of day.

But if love neither burn
Nor drown?
If the dead win no more than a nightlong wait
For the spear of dawn?
And that first truth, yielded to the first enemy,
Be the last truth known?

FRANCES BELLERBY

Reconsidering Malthus—II

Limiting the Population

By DAVID GLASS

WHEN Malthus first composed his famous *Essay on the Principle of Population*, his chief object was to attack the belief of Godwin and Condorcet in the perfectibility of man and society. In his view, that belief was refuted by the 'principle of population'—by the capacity of population to grow faster than the means of subsistence.

The Check of Moral Restraint

But the second edition of the *Essay*, published in 1803, was not concerned solely with the theory of progress. Questions of immediate practice were also brought forward. Accepting the 'principle of population' as a kind of natural law, Malthus was now anxious to see how far the evil effects of that law might be removed, or at least reduced, by human action. If the capacity for population growth had to be checked by vice or misery, or by restraint from marriage, it seemed reasonable to encourage the third check—the check of moral restraint, that being, as Malthus put it, the check which would 'allow the principle of population to work with 'the least possible prejudice to the virtue and happiness of human society'. Hence the recommendation of 'moral restraint' as a maxim of human conduct, and one with which the name of Malthus has ever since been linked.

Moral restraint was very carefully defined. It meant, first, the postponement of marriage until an individual had prospects of supporting a family. But Malthus did not want the *urge* to marry to be reduced; it was that very urge which would inspire a man to improve his lot. A legal minimum age at marriage would not, therefore, serve the same purpose. Also, conduct before marriage must be strictly moral—no concubinage and no illegitimacy. And then again, there must be no artificial checks on family size once a marriage had taken place. This was, to Malthus, an essential part of his definition. He was opposed to birth control not only on grounds of morality, but also because he believed that if married couples could easily limit the size of their families, a major stimulus to social progress would be lost. Nor could emigration be regarded as a substitute for 'moral restraint'. In the short run emigration might relieve the immediate pressure of population, but in the long run the gap left by emigrants would, unless 'moral restraint' were practised, be filled by the working of the principle of population.

Malthus did not, then, regard the 'principle of population' as an evil in itself, but as a law of nature, which might have evil consequences. These consequences would be mitigated if 'moral restraint' were practised. Hence it was desirable for individuals to accept the rules of conduct prescribed, and for social policy to be so ordered as to give the greatest incentive for those rules to be followed. This was the set of rules by which human conduct was to be governed. The question is: How far were those rules adopted?

We must draw a sharp distinction between Malthusian theory and Malthusian policy. The theory itself swept the western world in the nineteenth century, and though widely attacked, still holds an important place in discussion today. War, and the aftermath of war, give it sustenance, and it has found many new champions since 1945. Its most recent exponent is Sir Charles Darwin, whose book, despite its reference to a far wider range of knowledge than was available 150 years ago, is still in essence the kind of country-house essay with which Malthus burst upon the literate world. But the story of the Malthusian rules of conduct is entirely different.

As far as I know, 'moral restraint' in the sense in which Malthus used the term, has been practised systematically by one country only. That country is Eire. Everyone has heard of the famine of 1845, the culmination of the series of failures of the potato crop. The potato was a bad master—both a symptom and a cause of the economic degradation of the people. Because of its high yield in good years, it allowed an increasing fragmentation of land holdings, and because a small patch of land was enough to support a family, marriage was easy. Families were large and what evidence there is, suggests a rapid growth of population. But even before the great potato blight large numbers of Irish were

migrating. In the first forty-five years of the nineteenth century, about 1,000,000 of them moved to North America, many going from Protestant Ulster. Indeed, it was largely because these forerunners paved the way, and because many of the emigrants sent home remittances, that a mass movement out of Ireland could take place after the famine. Between 1851 and 1936 the net migration from the provinces which now constitute Eire must have amounted to more than 3,500,000 people, a number larger than the total population of Eire today.

Emigration was not, however, used as a substitute for 'moral restraint' and was not by itself responsible for the continuous and unique fall in the total population of Eire since 1841. A second cause of the greatest importance has been the steady increase in the proportions of men and women who do not marry. After the great famine, and in a way which has still not been fully explained, a new link was forged between agriculture and the family. The dependence upon the potato was lessened, the area under hay increased, and the number of cattle grew. The fragmentation of land holdings went no further. Instead, it became customary, as it had been before the potato era, for the farm to be passed intact to one child. A father would, during his own lifetime, arrange the marriage of the chosen son and hand the farm to him, while the dowry brought in by the bride would be used to satisfy the claims of the other children. If those other children wanted to marry, they had to acquire land of their own, or the equivalent in cash, or move to town and find jobs; or else they had to emigrate.

This was true of women as well as men. Women often went abroad to save money for a dowry; with that, they might marry into a farm on their return home. But many did not return home. The economic barriers to marriage were, in the case of men, reinforced by the development of a shortage of women. Partly because of the mass migration of women and partly because the differences in the mortality of males and females are unusually small in Ireland, the proportion of males in the community has increased. Since 1911 there have been more males than females in the population of Eire. Indeed the ratio of males to females is higher there than in any other European country. So that Eire, with its focus on the family, and its tight links between family and farm, has become a nation of elderly bachelors. In 1841, ten per cent. of the men between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five were bachelors. In 1946, the figure was thirty-two per cent., about three times higher than for England and Wales. And though, with the relative shortage of women, the proportion of spinsters is lower, it is still about fifty per cent. greater than in England and Wales.

The other conditions of 'moral restraint' were also largely fulfilled. Once a marriage took place, there was little artificial control of the number of children born. And this is apparently also true today. Or, to put it more accurately, family size has fallen little during the past seventy or eighty years—much less than in most western countries, and probably only about a third as much as in England and Wales. Moreover, with a tightly-knit family system, the social pressures against extra-marital sex relations are strong. The proportion of illegitimate births is about half that in England and Wales. The total picture of population control, then, fits in closely with the Malthusian ideal.

Deviations from Malthus' Rules of Conduct

You find nothing like this picture in any other western country. In all other countries in which the Malthusian theory has been explicitly or implicitly accepted, the application of the theory has involved some deviation from the rules of conduct which Malthus prescribed. But there are, so to speak, degrees of deviation, and in one group of countries in Europe the policy was only one stage removed from the original prescription. It was an important stage, because it involved the kind of compulsion Malthus himself did not approve of, but it shares the spirit of the originator in that it tried to control population growth by restricting marriage. At the same time the policy covered a much wider territory applying to many of the German states, Austria and, to some extent, Switzerland.

(continued on page 922)

NEWS DIARY

May 28-June 3

Wednesday, May 28

Prime Minister, in statement to Commons on Korea, describes military position as 'very grave'

Mr. Eden has discussions with Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman in Paris

The Derby won by 'Tulyar', the Aga Khan's horse

Thursday, May 29

Mr. Eden addresses special session of West Berlin Senate

M. Duclos, French Communist leader, committed for trial on charge of conspiring against the security of the state

British troops on Kojé Island break up demonstrations by prisoners-of-war

Friday, May 30

Allied High Commissioners in Germany protest to Russians over interference with their patrols on Autobahn and restriction on communications between east and west Germany

National Union of Teachers hands in notices of 3,790 teachers employed by Durham County Council because of Council's attitude in 'closed shop' dispute

Saturday, May 31

Police raid principal Communist headquarters in France

American Commander-in-Chief in Europe, General Handy, protests to Soviet authorities in Germany over interference with American road patrols

Sunday, June 1

East German Government's restrictions on travel communications with west Germany come into force

Brigadier-General Boatner, commandant of Kojé Island prison camp, orders disciplinary action against one of the communist leaders

Monday, June 2

U.S. Supreme Court decides that President Truman's seizure of steel mills in April was unconstitutional. Mr. Philip Murray, leader of United Steel Workers, calls for nation-wide strike

High winds and rain interfere with Bank Holiday activities

Tuesday, June 3

Soviet-controlled broadcasting station in Berlin cordoned off by British troops

U.S. Secretary of State speaks on Russia and Germany

500,000 steel workers strike in United States



At midnight on Saturday the East German Government completed the imposition of new restrictions on travel and communications between eastern and western Germany. These measures were said to be aimed at keeping out 'western spies and saboteurs'. The Allied High Commissioners in Germany protested to the Soviet authorities in eastern Germany about these obstructions. The photograph shows a newly established roadblock where a west Berlin highway crosses the Soviet Zone



Mr. Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, visited Berlin last week. He is seen leaving the City Hall in West Berlin after having luncheon with Herr Ernst Reuter, the Mayor, and City officials on May 29. During his visit he opened the 'English garden' there and assured the Berliners that one day their city would be the capital of a united Germany in a Europe at peace





The signing of the treaty setting up the European Defence Community in the Quai d'Orsay in Paris on May 27. M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister is speaking, and on the extreme left is Dr. Adenauer the German Chancellor



Left: General Eisenhower arrived back in Washington last Sunday after handing over his command in Europe to General Ridgway. The two generals are seen before the microphones at S.H.A.P.E. headquarters in Paris before General Eisenhower's departure last week



The prisoner-of-war camp at Kojé Island off South Korea has recently been causing difficulties for its American guards. Above: Troops of the King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry landing to reinforce the American guards. Left: Brigadier-General Boatner, the camp commandant, watching a prisoners' work party



Early on the morning of May 31 French police raided Communist Party headquarters in Paris and eight other cities. On May 28 M. Duclos, the French Communist leader, had been arrested. The photograph shows the police in front of the Communist headquarters in central Paris where they had been baulked by a reinforced door



Widespread demonstrations took place in Johannesburg when Mr. E. S. Sachs, the general secretary of the Garment Workers Union, was arrested last week under the Suppression of Communism Act. This photograph was taken as the police closed in to arrest Mr. Sachs as he addressed a protest meeting outside the Johannesburg City Hall on May 24. Mr. Sachs was afterwards released on bail and then re-arrested

(continued from page 919)

The first German translation of Malthus' *Essay* was published in 1807 and rapidly found acceptance among influential writers on economic policy. With equal speed, these writers, doubting the willingness or the capacity of individuals to practise 'moral restraint', began to propose that the government itself should intervene to stop improvident marriages and thus to prevent over-population. One writer, a professor of medicine and surgery, went so far as to recommend that every unmarried man without means of supporting children should be forcibly accoutred with the equivalent of a girdle of chastity. He was, of course, on the lunatic fringe of the Malthusian wave and it is not surprising that, as he himself acknowledged with some bitterness, he was attacked in the press and pounded by threats and insults.

The Doctrines of Robert von Mohl

But take a writer like Robert von Mohl, one of the more balanced, as well as one of the most influential, exponents of Malthus in Germany. He argued that the state had the right to try to prevent over-population by prohibiting marriage below a certain minimum age, or by refusing permission to marry to individuals who were unlikely to be able to support families. As a corollary, the state would also be entitled to take severe action against the parents of illegitimate children; otherwise the restrictions upon marriage would be without effect. And if these measures failed to prevent over-population, the state would be justified in undertaking planned and, if necessary, compulsory emigration. It was not the duty of the majority of the citizens, said von Mohl, to let themselves be robbed of their chances of life by a minority. Hence the majority were, if need be, entitled to expel the surplus population.

Ideas like these took root in Germany because of the circumstances of the time. Peasant agriculture in the western regions was rather primitive and, encouraged not only by the potato but also by the vine, there had been much fragmentation of holdings, especially in the Rhineland. In some districts, said one well-known contemporary economist, the plough was no longer used and, the holdings being too small to divide up further, a girl's dowry might consist of just a few fruit trees. In good years people could just survive: but there were many bad years, when the potatoes rotted in the fields and the fruit withered on the trees. Local domestic industry could offer no substitute support against the competition of expanding British production, and movement into other occupations was restricted by the still powerful guild system. The pressure on poor relief grew. Outside Prussia, though, it was in the main the local community which was responsible for giving relief to an individual who had a legal settlement within its territory. So it is not surprising that, concerned with keeping down their expenditures, local authorities tried to make the acquisition of a legal settlement difficult for persons likely to fall on relief; and that the local authorities tried to hinder marriages where the resultant families might become a charge on local resources.

Measures of this kind had existed even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the German states were endeavouring to promote the growth of their population. In Bavaria and Hesse, for example, although a bigger population in general was wanted, the marriages of paupers were discouraged. For a short period in the early nineteenth century, under the influence of France, restrictions upon marriage were relaxed. But they returned in the eighteen-twenties, more comprehensive in scope and more rigid in structure, inspired by a double urgency, the image of over-population and the fear of revolution. One Bavarian legislator said, 'Families which drag out a precarious and miserable existence are a burden to themselves, to the local community, and to the state', and the Bavarian Minister of the Interior, speaking on behalf of a still more stringent measure, argued that a landless and property-less population (such as his opponents would encourage), driven by wailing wives and hungry children, and in a state of continuous struggle between crime and destitution, was the first and most indispensable means of making revolutions. So in Hanover, in the Saxon states, in Baden, Württemberg and Bavaria, as well as in Austria, a barrage of restrictions was built, making the grant of permission to marry increasingly dependent upon a man's ability to guarantee in advance that his family would not become a public charge. He might need to possess a skilled occupation, and one not likely to become overcrowded; or to own at least a specified amount of unencumbered property; or to provide testimony that his morals were beyond reproach; or even to show that the morals and wifely qualities of his intended bride were equally unexceptionable.

Exactly how effective such measures were, we shall probably never

know. It is clear that marriage rates were low in areas in which the restrictions applied. But there was, in spite of increased penalties, a compensating rise in the number of illegitimate births. When, in 1868, the parliament of the North German Confederation was debating the bill which led to the repeal of marriage restrictions in most German states, there were repeated references to this fact. In over 200 parishes in Mecklenburg, for example, half or more of the births in 1851 had been illegitimate births, and in seventy-nine of the parishes there had been nothing but illegitimate births. It was this kind of experience, coupled with the new economic circumstances—the passing of the agricultural crises, the rise of modern industry and the need by that industry of freedom of movement, both territorial and occupational—which prompted the abandonment of the German experiment in Malthusian policy. But in some areas, vestiges were left for many years. They did not disappear from Bavaria until 1919, and in one part of Austria marriage restrictions were on the statute book until 1923.

The German experiment covered a fairly wide area, but it was short-lived. But the really powerful and persistent response to Malthus has been the development of the birth control movement and of the practice of contraception. The story of this development is well known, but it may be worth emphasising one or two points which are sometimes forgotten.

The development of the birth control movement represented an explicit acceptance of the Malthusian theory, at least during the nineteenth century, together with a complete abandonment of Malthus' rules of conduct. For Malthus, postponement of marriage was moral and it would allow, the principle of population—his law of nature—to operate without hindrance and without evil consequences. But for Francis Place, who first put the case for birth control before the English public, both assumptions were unacceptable. His own early marriage had given him no cause for regret, and he could foresee that in practice it was long postponement of marriage which might itself lead to immorality. Yet without birth control, early marriages would certainly yield large families. 'Rare fellows we to teach moral restraint', he said of himself and three other writers on population theory, 'mustering among us no less I believe than thirty-six children'. As for the law of nature, his description of nature as a 'blind, dirty old toad' was the colloquial expression of his belief in the principle of utility. This principle, and its translation into practice, governed the development of the birth control movement, with its joint objectives of community and individual welfare. The movement was slow and hesitant in its first stages, but it gained its main impetus from the trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in 1876. The publicity served not only to sell many thousands of copies of the debated birth control pamphlet which they had published, but to encourage the establishment of an association which continued to argue the case for birth control publicly and which helped to found similar bodies abroad. From England, in which Malthus had formulated his principles of conduct, the Neo-Malthusians spread the new policy of population control; and though this policy has frequently met with hostility, and in some countries, as in France for example, with laws which make public discussion of birth control impossible, the limitation of family size is an evident fact in the western world.

'Diabolical Handbills'

It is also a fact which applies to all classes in society. That may not have been the original intention. The measures taken in Germany were directed specifically at the poor, and when Francis Place issued the leaflets which were immediately called 'diabolical handbills', he was addressing himself particularly to the working classes. But the effect on the working classes of England was not immediately noticeable. It was not until after the eighteen-seventies, when the middle classes themselves had begun to practise what hitherto they had largely preached, that the working classes, too, accepted birth control.

Last of all, this very spread of family limitation has itself answered an important part of Malthus' argument. Birth control may, in Malthus' terms, constitute a vice, though it is certainly not regarded as a vice by millions of married couples. But at least the ability easily to limit one's family has not reduced individuals to indolence or society to stagnation, as Malthus had assumed. On the contrary, it has been one of the ways through which new incentives and aspirations have been able to work with effect. For those countries in which birth control has become part of the accepted pattern of marriage, Malthus' precepts of conduct have lost their relevance as means of preventing the conflict between population and resources.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'The Choice before South Africa'

Sir,—In Professor Eric Walker's sympathetic review of *The Choice before South Africa* by E. S. Sachs, he states: 'It is good to know . . . that his book is on sale in South Africa as freely as elsewhere'. Unfortunately this is not the case, since we have just heard that the Customs Department has visited booksellers in the Union instructing them that the book must be withdrawn from sale. Whether or not the ban remains permanent, the action now being taken is another flagrant example of Dr. Malan's interference with the freedom of the press.

Since Professor Walker wrote, Mr. Sachs has been arrested under the notorious Suppression of Communism Act, but any impartial reading of *The Choice before South Africa* would show that the author is no advocate of communism, and this reveals Dr. Malan's real motive in banning the book.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

MICHAEL HODSON
Turnstile Press, Ltd.

Possibly, the full fruits of the law of 1945 will only be evident in some years' time and I make bold to say that the strides made since it has been in operation provide definite evidence that the coloured man is emerging, and emerging fast, from the ranks of the semi-literate to an educated and responsible place in the community. The creation of several senior posts in the government service for coloured men recently appears to bear this out.

I must still confess that I fail to see Mr. Duguid's point about 'scraping for the best education'. There being few, if any, private schools for coloured people, coloured children have to attend government-controlled schools, where education on a par with that for white children is provided free anyway. If Mr. Duguid means that the parents, as was often the case in the past before coloured education became compulsory, deprived themselves of the labour of the child, and hence of his contribution to the family income, thus incurring some 'hardship', I will agree with him.

In conclusion, in the experience gained in thirty-one years spent in South Africa, mostly in and around Cape Town, I most emphatically deny that it is, as Mr. Duguid puts it 'incomparably harder for a coloured person to become skilled than it is for a white'. The numbers of coloured workers employed in the building, printing, furniture and other industries is surely clear enough proof of this. In many instances, coloured artisans outnumber white.

Yours, etc.,

South Africa House, D. S. E. ALLEN
London, W.C.2 for Director of Information

Round the London Art Galleries

Sir,—Mr. Douglas Cooper asks for an explanation of my 'astonishing statement' that I have come to the conclusion that Frances Hodgkins—whose work, Mr. Cooper tells us, 'is (my italics) drab, decoratively inept and emotionally tepid'—is one of the greatest colourists who ever lived.

My short answer is that I came to that conclusion by exactly the same process that led Mr. Cooper to announce that her work is drab, decoratively inept, etc., namely by consulting my own feelings and my own experience, the only means known to me for estimating relative aesthetic values. But I had, at least, the grace to suggest that the conclusion was my own, whereas Mr. Cooper's 'is' proclaims that his statement is one of fact. How strange, if that is so, that the Tate Gallery should have bothered to honour her with an exhibition!

That brief reply ought to satisfy Mr. Cooper, but I doubt if it will, for he seems to be ignorant of what I regard as a basic principle of aesthetic judgment—that it is inevitably subjective, but that constant and self-analytical contact with works of art does in the end produce a sensitivity to their qualities, and that persons who have developed that sensitivity tend to agree, very roughly, in their judgments.

In the article to which Mr. Cooper refers I said that I regarded Frances Hodgkins' power to invent and organise form as childish. If she did not redeem that childishness by a power that is, to me, miraculous, to invent and organise colour, she would be an utterly negligible artist. But I cannot prove my estimate of her mathematically

any more than Mr. Cooper can prove that 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on' is a miraculous organisation of words, or that (a closer parallel) the organisation of orchestral timbres in the first three minutes of Debussy's 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune' is miraculous, despite the looseness of its musical form.

My other two colourists, if Mr. Cooper is still curious to know, are Veronese and Carpaccio, with Simone Martini as a close runner-up. Next on my list come Matisse and Bonnard. Please note, 'my' list.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ERIC NEWTON

Some Characters in 'The Times' History

Sir,—You reproduced in THE LISTENER of May 29 Lord Beaverbrook's denunciation of my old colleague, Geoffrey Dawson, who preceded and succeeded me in the editorship of *The Times*.

In justice to your readers—and to Dawson's memory—you should, I think, reproduce or summarise in your next issue my counter-denunciation of Lord Beaverbrook in *The Times* of May 27, as having been guilty of broadcasting a travesty of the Appendix to *The History of The Times* on the abdication of King Edward VIII, and of having launched his spiteful diatribe in circumstances which make it a public misdeed of heinous quality. You should also, in my view, mention the letters of Lord Brand and of 'Scriba Incognitus' in *The Times* of May 28, since they complete the castigation which Lord Beaverbrook so richly deserved.

The large number of telegrams, letters, and messages which have already reached me from many parts of the country prove how widely and deeply Lord Beaverbrook's misdeed was resented.—Yours, etc.,

WICKHAM STEED

Wootton-by-Woodstock

[We regret we cannot reprint letters on this subject from 'The Times', but we are happy to draw our readers' attention to them and also to Lord Beaverbrook's letter printed in 'The Times' on May 28.
—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Don Roberto'

Sir,—A postscript to Compton Mackenzie's glowing tribute to R. B. Cunningham Graham to underline the power of 'Don Roberto's' personality, even at second hand:

Time—forty-odd years ago. Scene—the Manchester City Art Gallery. A handful of us, art-students, mostly raw socialists, were doing a half-day excursion to Manchester—pictures (oils, not celluloid) in the afternoon, and a theatre in the evening. Walking into one of the galleries one came abruptly face to face with Lavery's portrait of Cunningham Graham—debonair, in cloak and riding-breeches, the personification of grace, self-assurance, and breeding. That picture did something to one's morale. A socialist in those days, particularly if he were a shy youth, felt somewhat apologetic, or at any rate on the defensive most of the time. But not after a long look at the portrait of the man who had shared 'Bloody Sunday' in Trafalgar Square with John Burns and the dockers! One walked out of the gallery chin in air, triumphantly conscious that if that man was one of 'us' one need apologise to nobody.—Yours, etc.,

Hendon

J. F. HORRABIN

To turn to Mr. Duguid's quotation from the *Handbook of Race Relations in South Africa*, I should like to make it clear that the information contained in that section was based on the second report of the Social and Economic Planning Council, published in 1944. After its publication, in 1945, the Cape Provincial Council passed a law providing for the compulsory education of coloured children in the Cape Province between the ages of 7 and 14.

As I am dealing exclusively with the question of the 'coloured' man, as distinct from the Asiatic and African, the following figures might be of some interest. The latest census of the Cape Province shows a population of 935,674 Europeans and 980,456 coloured people. In 1950 there were 1,275 European schools in the Cape Province and 1,125 coloured schools under the control of the provincial administration. These schools were staffed by 7,302 teachers in European schools and 5,343 teachers in coloured schools. These teachers had under their control 167,602 European and 179,968 coloured pupils, respectively.

This does not appear to bear out Mr. Duguid's assertion that the classes for coloured children are 'incomparably' more crowded. Today, I am convinced that far more than the ten per cent. of 1943-44 period pass Standard III and that a higher percentage than ever before attain the higher education of the secondary school.

The Ups and Downs of the Umbrella

By DAVID PIPER

IN the east people do not sunbathe, for there the sun also annihilates, and it is a luxury simply to be out of it. A roof is designed rather to keep off the sun than the rain, and trees are praised in degree of the shade they give. So naturally the umbrella, that perambulant dispenser of shade, was conceived in the east, where it has always been linked with royalty, which also affords shade and protection.

It is extremely ancient—certainly known in China in the twelfth century B.C., and there always associated with dignity and rank: the most complex form of all, a four-decker, was reserved for the Emperor alone. All over the east, royalty has performed its duties beneath its umbrella; at Nineveh, Nimrod stands in his war-chariot with a slave



The umbrella, 750 B.C.: Tiglath-Pileser III in his chariot, at the evacuation of the city of Azkuttu British Museum

behind holding the umbrella over him; the princesses of the Pharaohs ride in its shade, and it is widespread over the potentates of India. In Siam, the royal audience-chamber was furnished solely with three umbrellas, and the monarch of Ava, when signing himself with the full resonance of all his titles, closed with '... King of the White Elephants and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas'. In Europe too the umbrella has known a richer splendour. The specimen which used to protect the Doge in procession through Venice was of cloth-of-gold, and the Pope may have two borne before him—one closed, signifying spiritual power: one open, signifying temporal power.



Detail from the background of the portrait of Sir Henry Unton (?1557-96), riding in Italy—with umbrella National Portrait Gallery

But for everyday, common-or-street use, the umbrella has been slow to establish itself in the west. It was known both in Greece and in Rome, carried by slaves over their mistresses' heads; but if a man took to it, he might be considered effeminate. It blossoms again in Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, much used, rather improbably, by horsemen. But Montaigne was sceptical; 'more of a burden to the hand', he wrote, 'than a relief to the head'. The contemporary specimens must indeed have been very cumbersome, made on much the same principle as now, but covered with heavy leather. But in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the umbrella begins to divide to cope with the two functions which a western climate demands of it. The French distinguish very precisely between its two roles: *parasol* and *parapluie*. The *parasol* has subsequently been used almost entirely by women, the *parapluie*, or northern umbrella, very generally by both sexes.

The parasol, sunshade, triumphed easily enough. The introduction of whalebone for the ribs made it light enough to be handled personally by its owner; the cover was generally of silk, and the shape and colour varied bewilderingly with the ceaseless change of fashion. Sometimes, as in the Empire period, and again in the 'seventies, it was fashionable to have the handle at what we would now call the wrong end; in the seventeen-nineties there was an odd variation with the stick hinged just below the head, so that when open the top flopped over like a mushroom on a broken stalk. Through Victorian and Edwardian days parasols filled the summer with twirling, furling and unfurling



The Emperor Constantine handing over the imperial insignia, including the umbrella, to Pope Sylvester: fresco (c. 1250) at SS. Quattro Coronati, Rome

colour; and then, quite suddenly, they were obsolescent—one of the victims of the first world war, of the motor-car, of the revolutionary dogma that handsome people are slightly sunburned. You can still see them, on the beaches, even at Ascot, but they are exotic archaisms of costume; they have passed with the age of leisure, and with them has gone a language of dalliance almost as subtle as that of the fan.

The progress of the umbrella, in the sense we now generally use the word, met with more opposition. As with the parasol, weight was against it; if silk was used, it had to be a heavy weave, and then oiled stickily—what Gay called the 'umbrella's oily shed'. And once again it was stigmatised as effeminate, defined by a dictionary of 1708 as 'a screen commonly used by women to keep off rain'. They established themselves more quickly in France than in England, but even so they were regarded with suspicion by socially conscious people. A French commentator in 1768 remarked that 'those who do not wish to be taken as belonging to the vulgar herd prefer to risk a wetting rather than be looked upon as pedestrians in the street, for an umbrella is a sure sign that one possesses no carriage'. But the rising middle

class in France found umbrellas invaluable, and English travellers reported home on its convenience.

Our first native wearer of an umbrella is generally said to have been Jonas Hanway, about 1750. Indeed Hanway's popular fame for some 150 years rested largely on this achievement, although he is one of our outstanding philanthropists. Hanway was a bit of a dandy, and since, in his philanthropical excursions, 'it was frequently necessary for him to appear in polite circles on unexpected occasions', he always dressed with care, wearing a wig with 'a large French bag'. Wigs and hats, however, ride uneasily together, so he seems to have carried the hat under his arm, and 'when it rained a small parapluie defended his face and wig'. Thus armed, he was hailed with jeers and catcalls. He continued unmoved. But his example did not catch; he was a brave but solitary pioneer. It was thirty years before the English took to umbrellas, and the honour of their popularisation is claimed explicitly for himself by one John Macdonald. Macdonald was a much-travelled gentleman's gentleman who settled in London in 1778. He has recorded in some detail how he wore his fine silk umbrella. (Incidentally, umbrellas are worn, not carried.) He aroused the same popular fury as Hanway before him, particularly from the coachmen and chairmen, who probably suspected a threat to their own livelihood. They used their most bitter invective on Macdonald; they called him Frenchman. But he persisted, and soon resident foreigners ventured out with their umbrellas, and then, gradually, reluctantly, the English followed suit. In five years they were clearly commonplace; a print of 1784, called 'The Battle of Umbrellas', shows a crowd thrown into chaos by the simultaneous elevation of countless umbrellas against a sudden shower.

Ever since, they have remained popular. They were soon in mass-production, and registration of patents for their improvement went briskly ahead. Between 1806 and 1826 the weight of the frame was whittled from ten pounds to one and a half; lighter and closer silk weaves were made, and then alpaca. Whalebone gave way to metal for the ribs, and then about 1850, Samuel Fox looked curiously upon the Great Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits, and saw what the umbrella was lacking. The result was the familiar frame, with ribs of grooved steel, combining maximum strength with maximum lightness, and also a fortune of some £300,000 for Fox.

The modern mythology of the umbrella is, as it were, groping. It has been called the 'successor of the sword': a nice title, but perhaps pretentious, for the umbrella shares the honour, if at all, with the cane or walking-stick. The sword has dwindled from a killing weapon to a court ornament. Hanway wore both sword and umbrella, and so did Macdonald; but the stick was generally worn in polite society long before the umbrella, and in the case of the stick there was always the possibility of ingenious compromise, the sword-stick. This was in use from the sixteenth century at least. Certainly there have also been various types of portmanteau umbrellas—fitted as telescopes, or writing desks, even as lightning conductors (patented by Dubourg)—but I have not yet met an example of the umbrella-sword, though clearly it would be most useful for duelling in wet weather. The associations proper to the successor of the sword—the symbol of final decision, of justice and injustice, life and death—have yet to crystallise about the umbrella. They begin, but slowly. Everyone knows it is unlucky to open an umbrella in the house, and I believe that in certain parts of Nebraska this is even recognised as a certain omen of death. And there are more localised superstitions: in some places

it is unlucky to drop an umbrella—in Yorkshire, to put one on a table, and in Sicily it appears to have been improper for women to wear one at all.

Individual umbrellas have inspired affection; Miss Alice Mercy Cox of Bayswater willed that hers should go with her to the grave. Others have been lent notoriety by their owners. King Louis-Philippe was devoted to his, and his national guards wore umbrellas with their muskets. But this was observed by contemporary satire as but one more example of the bourgeois king's failure in correctness, and there was a widespread mockery of the umbrella unparalleled in the continental press till the flourish of umbrellas at Munich in 1938. Literature has its immortals; many umbrellas in the eighteenth century were known as Robinson in honour of the example manufactured by Robinson Crusoe; and so in the next century, Mrs. Gamp's name was transferred from herself to that bulging spiky instrument drawn by 'Phiz' for *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The artists, from Frith on (or it can be found as parasol in Veronese or Van Dyck), have not neglected it, though perhaps only once have its full formal possibilities been realised, by Renoir in the great painting called 'The Umbrellas', in the National Gallery. *Punch*, of course, is perennially delighted with it, and if you search hard amongst the monumental statuary of British municipal parks, you can find it, though it is a rarity.

But all this is not really enough for the successor of the sword. Historians of the umbrella, seeking further glamour, have even associated it with the parachute. But there is only a purely structural relationship; the functions are quite separate, and not to be confused. General Beurnonville, imprisoned in the fortress of Ollmütz in 1793, did confuse them; he used an umbrella as a parachute in an attempt to escape from a window forty feet up. He broke both his legs.

In fact the story of the gentleman's umbrella over the last hundred years, since Samuel Fox, is funereal, staid, and black. William Sangster, who was its first British historian, described the typical patrons of 1855: 'Such men', he said, meaning the wearers of umbrellas, 'such men, we feel certain at the first glance, are not addicted to dissipation, nor do they yield to the seductions of the Casino: they are essentially family men...' Since then the emphasis has perhaps shifted. Dons and undergraduates are notable enthusiasts of the gamp, but the umbrella in its purest, most austere elegance (accompanied first by the silk hat and now by the bowler) has become the emblem of the City man. And here there is a danger: the furled umbrella may easily become as atrophied as the court sword, a mere ornament. You may often see, in the City, a man walking with furled umbrella though it is pouring with rain. Is this because, once opened, it can never again be reduced to its virgin slenderness, or is it because it is a sham, simply not made to open: a skin of black silk on a stick?

Whatever the answer, I think this can only be the beginning of the decadence. It is time that men remembered the royal ancestry of their umbrellas. At present they go about in a perpetual mourning, and when it rains they walk as in a darker cloud within the cloud. Even the umbrellas of women are generally tame and too discreet. But the umbrellas of the orient are all colours of the rainbow, and London would be a brighter and



'A rarity in the monumental statuary of British municipal parks': Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bt., in Waterloo Park, Highgate, North London

better place if every shower brought forth its bobbing crop of brilliant colour, like a dark wood gay with all the most dangerous fungi. At Waterloo Station there is a hole in the ground; in its depths lies the City line. If, as one drops into the abyss, one bore a wand furled with scarlet instead of sad-coloured silk, one might remember that Vishnu, too, Vishnu the preserver, in his fifth incarnation, when he went down to the underworld, also wore an umbrella.—*Third Programme*

'Othello', a Tragedy of Honour

By EDWARD M. WILSON

SEVERAL people have told me that they cannot read or see 'Othello' with any pleasure. The play seems altogether too horrible. They regard it as a pathological study in the effects of unreasonable jealousy, and the result does not seem in any way noble or ennobling. I would not deny that jealousy has some importance in the play, but I believe that there is something else much more important. 'Othello' is a tragedy of honour; it shows how Othello's own sense of honour is hideously distorted and exploited by Iago until Othello destroys himself. The change in emphasis—to make honour, not jealousy, the central theme in the play—may perhaps remove some of the uneasiness it causes in the minds of some intelligent people.

Key Supplied by Contemporary Spanish Drama

My approach to 'Othello' is based on the study of how honour works in the Spanish plays of Shakespeare's day and a little later. In Spain honour was regarded as the supreme worldly good, more precious than life and far more important than mere happiness. If a man lost his honour, the stain could only be wiped out in blood. So in the Spanish tragedies of honour, loss of honour always involved vengeance on those responsible for it. In some cases the duel provided a way out, but in serious ones the victim could not be given any chance of self-defence. Spaniards argued about whether honour meant what you were in yourself or what other people thought you were. Honour was either virtue or reputation. The moralists emphasised virtue, the dramatists, reputation. They tell us: honour depends on other people, it is what they think of you. It is referred to by many synonyms: honour, fame, reputation, good name, opinion, credit. These are all key-words in 'Othello' too.

The man of honour had to appear to uphold all the gentlemanly virtues: courtesy, fidelity to his word, personal bravery, and so on. He was to some extent the guardian of his own honour, but not entirely. For in one way he was tremendously vulnerable. If his wife was unfaithful to him, he became an object of scorn, a cuckold, a man whose honour was gone. The only way out was to kill his guilty wife and her lover. Then his honour was restored, and he could once more look his fellows in the face. Honour, therefore, consisted to some extent in the conduct of your wife. If she betrayed you—or even appeared to betray you—you must sacrifice her to your good name. My claim is that Shakespeare's audience was sufficiently acquainted with this continental system of honour to understand its workings in 'Othello'.

Othello kills Desdemona because he believes that she has committed adultery with Cassio. He believes that his honour as a married man has been lost by her conduct. A man's honour was as precious as life itself. If blood called for blood, dishonour called for blood too. If Desdemona had really destroyed Othello's honour, then, as honour was so precious, his honour could be restored only by killing her. Othello's conduct seems to fit the Spanish pattern.

Othello made clear his conception of different sorts of honour in his great speech 'Had it pleas'd heaven' to Desdemona in the brothel scene. He made a distinction between his honour as a public man—an officer and a gentleman—and as a husband. He claimed that he had fortitude enough to bear the loss of the first kind of honour: he would have had patience to endure the scorn of others if he had lost wealth and position and become a prisoner. But he could not stomach the idea that his wife was unchaste. He had to kill her for the sake of his self-esteem. Later on he says to her:

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: . . .

He sacrifices her to his honour, reputation or good name, because he is convinced of her guilt. She makes it murder because she denies her guilt at the moment of death. In his final disillusion, when Iago's villainy has been made obvious even to him, he asks, 'But why should honour outlive honesty?' Iago's honesty—now proved to be worthless—is equal to his honour, which made him commit a crime when he thought he was executing an act of justice. Life might as well end for

both the 'honourable' man and the 'honest' one. Later he calls himself 'an honourable murderer', who did 'all in honour'. But he was tricked by false appearances. Othello acts like the savage husbands in Spanish plays. His honour, he thought, consisted chiefly in Desdemona's virtue; when he thought she had lost it, he killed her. And then he discovered that she was innocent and that no one else questioned her innocence. So he killed himself.

There is one obvious link between Othello and Brabantio. Iago reminds Othello: 'She did deceive her father, marrying you'. And this is the sequel to Brabantio's couplet:

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

Brabantio's part can be explained by the fact that he has been robbed of a daughter whom he had loved and who had loved him well, by a son-in-law he did not approve of. There seems, however, to be another idea which makes the link between the two men closer. Othello will imagine that his wife's conduct has prejudiced his marital honour; Brabantio imagines that his daughter has destroyed his honour as a father. In Spain, the behaviour of an unmarried woman affected the honour of her men-folk to a slightly less degree than the behaviour of a wife affected the honour of her husband. Brabantio's anger at Othello's marriage seems due to outraged honour as well as to outraged fatherly feeling.

Iago's first plot is to cause Othello some pain by means of the purposeful humiliation of Brabantio. The attack on Othello's marital honour begins by an attack on Brabantio's honour as a father. Iago tells Brabantio: 'you have lost half your soul', that an 'old black ram is tupping your white ewe', and that the devil will make him a grandfather. These and later insults seem pointless unless Iago intended to proclaim Brabantio's dishonour as loudly as he could. Honour is reputation. What will Brabantio's reputation become when words like these are shouted in the street? Iago tells Brabantio that he has lost his honour; he also makes sure that it is lost by the coarse way in which he broadcasts the news of Desdemona's flight. After Roderigo has reinforced more soberly Iago's attack, Brabantio, carried away by his anger, calls for a light and lets everyone know what a more prudent man might have concealed. Iago's first plot succeeds well enough.

Brabantio is of course concerned at his daughter's apparent treachery. But his expressions of anger, petulance and shame take on an added force if they are regarded as the outpourings of a dishonoured man. Desdemona, in spite of her 'credit' has fallen 'in love with what she fear'd to look on'. The Duke excuses Othello and Desdemona; Brabantio abandons her and utters a warning to him. Some few lines before, he had asked for destruction on his own head if he had unworthily blamed Othello. Brabantio then invoked his own death. Grief at his daughter's treachery, shame in his own dishonour, the punishment of Heaven for an unjust and hasty accusation—all, or any, of these may be supposed to bring about his death.

Downfall of Cassio

Iago's next plot concerns the downfall of Cassio. It involves Roderigo and Montano. Roderigo, the 'gull'd gentleman' of the folio, is a man of substance to whom honour ought to have meant something. He sells his land, follows Iago to Cyprus, and acts as his accomplice. Iago tells him to 'find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline', or by any other convenient means. Roderigo is to defy Cassio as an officer, to try to provoke a quarrel by making Cassio lose face. Roderigo agrees. Iago continues, 'Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may'. Roderigo complies, 'I will do this if you can bring it to any opportunity'. To bring Cassio into disrepute, Iago urges 'this poor trash of Venice' to dishonour himself by allowing Cassio to strike him. Cassio's dishonour is to be contrived by Roderigo's dishonour; and Roderigo has no objections. After it all he grumbles, 'I have been tonight exceedingly well cudgelled'. No words about disgrace, ignominy, dishonour.

Iago makes Cassio drunk. Cassio strikes Roderigo and threatens to knock Montano 'o'er the mazzard'. Montano's part in the play is not very large, but we are told three times about his sense of honour. Montano defends himself and calls on Iago to speak for him. Iago does so, and Montano's honour is vindicated. It was, however, in danger. Cassio realises that he has lost both position and honour:

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago speaks words of comfort:

As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.

'The Immediate Jewel'

In its context, Iago's speech to Cassio is part of the plan to ruin Othello's honour in his own eyes. Cassio's reputation with Othello has been deliberately destroyed, but Cassio must not think that all is lost or he will be no further use to Iago. There is additional irony in the fact that Iago will soon say to Othello the exact reverse of what he has said here: 'Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls . . .'

In the first act of Othello we see the destruction of a father's honour. In the second we have a little drama of military honour as a prologue to the last acts which show the loss of the hero's marital honour. The second act consists of the schemes of a man who is beyond honour and dishonour; he makes a man of no honour dishonour an honourable man and imperil the honour of another.

The stages of Othello's downfall have so often been described that we need not follow them all here. Iago's famous speech on good name occurs at the start of it. Othello must be reminded of the value and the precariousness of his honour—which consists so largely in the virtue of his wife—before he can be made to believe that it has gone. Iago's speech reminds the hearer of what Iago has just said to Cassio, so it links Othello's case with the others we have just examined. Othello's doubts begin, and they are expressed in a series of remarks that keep harking back to this speech about honour and good name. Then, as Desdemona's guilt seems to grow more obvious, the thought of the revenge for lost honour becomes more and more evident. The solemn oaths made by Iago and Othello on their knees show that there can be no turning back from this vengeance.

In Act IV, Iago again mentions honour. His words recall those used by him to Cassio. He means Othello to think that Desdemona only appears to be chaste. His words imply that Othello should come down from the 'high falutin' world of honour to the supposed hard fact of the missing handkerchief. Then Iago is able to work his general into mental incoherence and a physical swoon. Othello recovers. Iago goes on talking about cuckoldry and makes him desperate. The eavesdropping scene completes the moral degradation; Othello is now an object of ridicule to the audience. To the other actors in the play, however, he is still the man of honour; the others do not yet know how far he has fallen away from his once noble nature. When the envoys arrive, the man who thought himself dishonoured at last dishonours himself by publicly striking his wife, by calling her 'Devil', and by offering her to Lodovico. Othello thought that Desdemona had destroyed his honour; he was mistaken. He himself destroyed it utterly and completely by his behaviour to his wife in front of the envoys.

The Mixed Business of Vengeance

The vengeance itself is a mixed business. Love, sensuality, vengeance are all there; and, like several Spanish dramatic heroes, he gives his wife time to repent and save her soul before he kills her. She denies her guilt; he exclaims:

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: . . .

He had meant to kill her body but allow her to save her soul; now he thinks he must murder both. The audience, however, sees in his words the true nature of his deed: what he thinks a sacrifice to honour and justice is really murder. He kills Desdemona. Then the truth is gradually revealed to the 'murderous coxcombe', and he takes his life because he has lost not only Desdemona but his good name too. 'That's he that was Othello', he replies to Lodovico, just before the end.

Othello's dishonour is the sequel to the dishonour of Brabantio and of Cassio by Iago and Roderigo. Roderigo has no honour. Iago pretends to esteem or to despise honour as best suits his plans. He treats honour as he treats religion: he plays with it and gives it lip-service, but never thinks of applying its principles to his own case. He is a 'critical man' who accepts a current notion for his own purposes without believing in any way in the notion itself. Honour of the Spanish kind seems to underlie the vengeance of Othello and the rage of Brabantio. The soldier's honour is depicted in various ways in the brawl in the second act. Iago plots against the honour of all and sundry, not for the sake of exposing an absurd notion, but in order to destroy Othello.

Theodore Spencer said, 'The difference between outer show and inner truth is not only important as a part of Iago's character; it permeates the whole play. The essence of Othello's tragedy is that he judges wrongly by appearances'. Not only Othello, but Desdemona, Cassio, Roderigo, Emilia. They all think that Iago is their friend; they are all deceived in other ways too. The difference between the appearance and reality, between seeming and being, between outer show and inner truth, is brought out in many minor details. The idea of honour added powerfully to these contrasts. Othello thought he was dishonoured when he was still a man of honour; he dishonoured himself by the means he adopted to restore his honour. He destroyed the reputation he wrongly thought destroyed. The 'honourable murderer' was his own judgment on himself; it fully expresses his fall and his deception.

Honour made a convenient means for dramatising the difference between appearance and reality. Shakespeare used it for that purpose. Perhaps he also meant to criticise the aberrations of an accepted code. Iago's speech on good name, although it is like the devil's quoting scripture, is in itself an eloquent plea for the cult of reputation. Iago's malice is most devilish when he uses an acceptable idea for a wicked end. I think that these lines (which have been quoted hundreds of times for their surface meaning) convey what Shakespeare believed in, but for a wrong purpose. If Shakespeare believed in the importance of reputation, he was also concerned with the way in which this belief was carried out. It is not enough to have principles: one must know how to apply them. Othello destroyed himself because he did not realise this fact.—*Third Programme*

Agreements in Bonn and Paris

(continued from page 907)

been expressed in the Paris agreement. France at the time made it clear that she would not agree to Germany's direct association with the North Atlantic Treaty. It meant, said French Ministers, that Germany would have an army and a general staff of her own—and that was something French public opinion would not allow. Mr. Bevin, in the same speech, summed up the position in these terms:

The French Government were unable to accept this proposal and the New York meeting had to break up without reaching any final agreement.

The French then worked out their plan for a European army under which the six countries joining in it were, so to speak, to pool their sovereignties in the interests of Europe. The principle is exactly the same as that worked out for the merging of the coal and steel resources of western Europe—the so-called Schuman Plan. This plan—in which, again France and Germany are equal partners—was signed in Paris in April 1951, and is now in the process of ratification.

The New York discussions on a German defence contribution—which took place in September 1950—were followed by a strong Soviet protest. In a note sent to the Western Powers in October 1950, the Soviet Government stated that it would not tolerate any measures aimed at reviving the German regular army in western Germany. There have been other and more recent protests. The latest in the series was published on Monday of last week, shortly after the Western Foreign Ministers arrived in Bonn to sign the new convention with Herr Adenauer. The Soviet Government is doing all it can to upset the plans for incorporating the Federal German Republic with the west. Its latest suggestion for another four-power conference has strong attractions for the German Socialist Party and for Opposition leaders in France. It remains to be seen whether its attitude will succeed in delaying the ratification of agreements that, as Mr. Eden said, 'open a window on the future'.—*General Overseas Service*

Three London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Henrietta and Mary Hyde (later Countess of Dalkeith and Lady Conway respectively), daughters of Laurence, Earl of Rochester', by Willem Wissing (1656-1687), from the exhibition of the Brunswick Art Treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum

Above: 'A House in Paris', from the exhibition of paintings by Daniel O'Neill at Tooth's

Left: 'La Mare à Plagny', by H. Harpignies (1819-1916), from the exhibition of 19th- and 20th-century French painters at Gimpel Fils

[The Delacroix exhibition at Wildenstein's, a picture from which appears on the cover, will be the subject of an article next week]

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Recalled to Service. By General Maxime Weygand. Translated by E. W. Dickes. Heinemann. 30s.

IT IS IN SOME WAYS a pity that General Weygand has issued the third volume of his memoirs before the earlier ones, since this shows us the soldier now wholly formed, and the process of formation cannot fail to be absorbing. This volume covers four periods between September 1939 and November 1941. The first period is very brief and deals with the organisation of the defence of the Near East. The second opens with his recall to France a week after the German attack in May 1940, and his assumption of command *vice* General Gamelin when the allied armies were already split and in retreat. The third period covers his eleven weeks as Minister of Defence after the armistice; and the fourth, his command in North Africa from which he was recalled at the behest of the Germans in September 1941. A year later, at the hour of the allied landings (Operation Torch), he was arrested by the Gestapo and despatched to Germany.

On many points, both military and political, future investigators will debate and divide. Had, for example, the improvised converging counter-attacks from Arras and the Somme line at the end of May any serious prospect of success? Why were the three armies in the area of the Maginot line not withdrawn far earlier than they were? There remain obscure political questions. Was the French cabinet ever informed of the two British telegrams of June 16, which insisted on the removal of the French fleet to English ports as a condition of agreement to the French government asking for an armistice? On these and other such matters, the experts will have much to say.

But the most engrossing subject is Weygand himself, and his attitude to men and problems. For him the armistice was not the end of the war. It was merely a pause in the hostilities with Germany, and from the cessation of fighting, he and his staff were at work, concealing arms and munitions, organising commands, against the day the battle could be resumed. In this he was without illusions. If the Allies landed with a small force, he would resist them; if with a large, he would join.

The memoirs are in no way a defence, not even a justification: they are a report. He claims to be no politician, which is true in the sense of party manipulation, but not in that of insight into situations. He has modelled himself on an idealised conception of the military officer as a servant of the State, an ideal which has its duties, and the duties have limits. Hence his harshness towards Reynaud and de Gaulle. Reynaud requested him to capitulate in the field with the army. Weygand rejected the demand, because Reynaud, a removable politician, had no right to make it: if Reynaud would not himself seek an armistice, he had only to resign, since he was not, like a king, the irreplaceable head of a State. In this Weygand had the support of Cavinchi, one of the best ministers in the cabinet. De Gaulle was a bad officer. Weygand does full justice to his courage, his competence and his intelligence: but de Gaulle was political, and an officer must remain at duty even though he disagrees with the orders given him. In Weygand's eyes, de Gaulle committed the unpardonable sin of turning Frenchmen against Frenchmen and, by his broadcasts from London, turned ally against ally. The clash is not personal; it is a conflict of the conceptions of the duty of a soldier. Whatever one thinks, one has

no other duty but to obey, and the reader catches an echo of de Vigny: '*l'abnégation du guerrier est une croix plus lourde que celle du martyr*'. Weygand is less hostile to Laval and Darlan than to the soldier. He detested their point of view—indeed, on the representations of Charles-Roux, he prevented Pétain from making Laval his Foreign Minister in July 1940—but as ministers they were free to express a point of view. Again, while hiding nothing of Pétain's faults, his timidity, his coldness, his callousness towards individuals, he maintains that the Marshal was sacrificing himself to what he believed his duty.

For many Englishmen, Weygand is the man who brought about the armistice of 1940. In some ways it is obscurely believed that he was responsible for the defeat, though those who have read his evidence before the Jaquet commission of 1947 will remember his struggles against the politicians for the modernisation of the French army. Those who have not, will do well to read this lucid and honourable memoir, which explains and corrects much that has been misapprehended.

English Drawings of the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries.

By Francis Wormald. Faber. 30s.

Thirty years ago the tenth and eleventh centuries, at least in England, were part of the Dark Ages. The European Middle Ages might begin with the coronation of Charlemagne in 800, but the English medieval period only began with the Norman Conquest in 1066. Today both 'pure' historians and historians of art take a different view. Professor Wormald's admirable book shows how far they have advanced in the detailed study of the period: it is concerned not with late Anglo-Saxon illustrated manuscripts in general, but with the particular category of those illustrated by finely drawn outlines in ink or colour, sometimes enriched by tinted washes. This technique he traces from the late Roman Empire through the Carolingian period to the great abbeys of the ninth century.

Professor Wormald shows how the style, more rapid though no less skilled in execution than the heavier fully-coloured illuminations, was brought to England through connections and alliances with continental courts and abbeys, and developed in the great English Benedictine scriptoria notably Glastonbury, Canterbury and Winchester.

His learned introduction, and the catalogue that incidentally serves as a handbook to the plates, are models of scholarship, but they hardly prepare the reader for the beauty of some of the drawings reproduced. The 'Philosophy' (Plate 3) of the last quarter of the tenth century, from St. Augustine's Canterbury; the 'Three Persons of the Trinity' (Plates 4, 5) from a Pontifical of about 995, apparently from Sherborne; the 'Seraph' (Plate 7) of the early eleventh century, will give him a fresh idea of the artistic stature of his own country at the dawn of the Middle Ages. He will find a Gothic dignity and depth of feeling in the 'Crucifixion' (Frontispiece, Plates 8, 9) of the last quarter of the tenth century, from one of the great Fenland monasteries; and will revise his conception of the formal and static character of early medieval art in studying the illustrations (Plate 27) of a Psalter written for the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in the second quarter of the eleventh century. It is in such single figures, rather than in imitation of the crowded style of the Utrecht Psalter, that the late Anglo-Saxon artists excelled.

Their drawings are the remote ancestors of the great single statues of Lincoln and Crowland, Westminster and Wells. Though we extend the boundaries of the history of English art, its essential homogeneity remains.

The Young Wage-Earner

By Thomas Ferguson and James Cunnison. Oxford. 8s. 6d.

Probably the hardest notion for sincere democrats to entertain is the suspicion that a portion of the population may be basically inferior to the remainder, inferior physically, intellectually, morally, and technically. We will seek every possible explanation in the environment—the inferior are under-privileged, under-nourished, ill-housed; we will take the blame ourselves—we have not provided enough education, enough leadership, enough leisure-time guidance; what we cannot bear to grant serious consideration to is the possibility that some human beings are constitutionally inferior. Were that ever established, all our egalitarian ethics would have to be reconsidered.

In their study of a group of Glasgow lads for the three years after their leaving school at the age of fourteen, Messrs. Ferguson and Cunnison show themselves to be sincere democrats. Seventeen per cent. of their sample consists of boys who at fourteen were short, light-weight, and generally of poor physique. In far greater proportion than their physically superior colleagues, they had bad scholastic records, were held to be unreliable at school and frequently played truant; after school they are far more likely to flit from job to job, getting no serious training and so at seventeen to be still in unskilled or semi-skilled work. They are not likely to be members of organised youth groups or to attend church; they are highly likely to have been in the hands of the police at some time in their lives. These under-sized boys are more likely to have spells of unemployment, and are far more likely to be born of fathers with a poor employment record. These intermittently employed fathers, if they are still with their usually large families, are likely to have homes in disgusting slums and to house their families under conditions of gross over-crowding; the immediate environment of the puny ne'er-do-well is often very bad. But by no means always; one of the most striking findings in the present study is that, by the criteria here employed, there is practically no difference between people inhabiting slums and those 're-housed' in slum-clearance housing estates. Seven or more years in houses which are very good by Glasgow standards barely modify the physical, intellectual or moral qualities of fourteen-year-old boys born in the slums.

As always in human affairs, there is no clear-cut decision between nature and nurture. Are people feeble and feckless because they live in slums, or do they live in slums because they are feeble and feckless? The question cannot of course be answered incontrovertibly; but Messrs. Ferguson and Cunnison do not appear to envisage the second explanation.

The Young Wage-Earner is a statistical study of three years in the working life of all the fourteen-year-old lads who left Glasgow schools in January 1947, a group of slightly more than 1,300. Although this group is statistically adequate, it is worth stressing that the abler, the better off, the more scholarly of young Glaswegians are omitted, since they would have further years of schooling. Furthermore, all we

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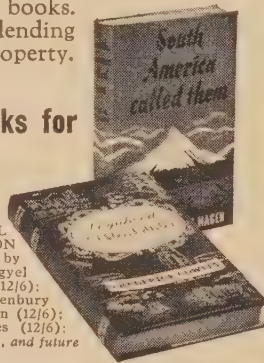
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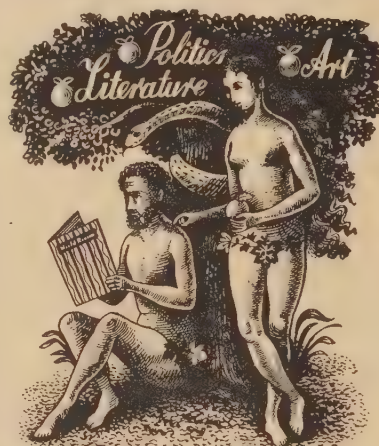
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are told about the people who make up the group studied is that they inhabit Glasgow. Seldom can a sociological study have been presented with so little conventional sociological data. The authors give no cultural information, do not divide their sample, for example, into English, Scots, Irish; in the sections discussing church attendance, the sample is not divided by denominations. This is highly regrettable, for the population of Glasgow is heterogeneous and peculiar; it is difficult to extrapolate from these figures to any other area in the British Isles. There are two pieces of data which suggest that the sample may contain a very high proportion of immigrant Irish Catholics; the figures for church attendance—nearly fifty per cent.—are very much higher than one would expect to find among young males in similar urban surroundings in England; and family size, with over fifty-five per cent. of the sample coming from families with more than four children and a fifth from families of more than eight children, is quite untypical for Great Britain as a whole. Since the physically and mentally inferior tend to come from the larger families, the cultural origin of these families is highly relevant. It is difficult to resist a suspicion that the absence of such easily obtainable information is political rather than scientific in origin.

These reservations apart, *The Young Wage-Earner* is an admirable study of the career lines of young workers over three years of very full employment. The choice of job seems to be largely determined by propinquity of the place of work to the home; three out of five find work less than fifteen minutes away from their home, and more than nine out of ten spend less than half an hour getting to their place of work. Future status is determined in the year or so after leaving school; those who are going to become skilled workers will have entered a formal or informal apprenticeship in that time, will be likely either to attend evening classes or study at home, and will receive consistently lower pay than their schoolfellows in unskilled or semi-skilled jobs. This study throws continuous emphasis on the differences in rewards paid to juveniles for work in which they are acquiring a skill, and work in which they are not. Dead-end jobs are relatively extremely highly paid, and the immediate wages offer further temptation to the feckless and unsettled to take no thought for the future. To a very great extent those who will become responsible, skilled citizens, and those who will drift, unskilled, can be identified before they leave school by their weight and height, their records for school work and school attendance, their masters' estimate of their characters, and the type of home they come from.

The present investigation, sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation, is, with one partial exception, pioneer work for Britain. It should be followed by studies in other areas which will make the initial measurements and assessments at an earlier age than fourteen. The data are important for more than the immediate problem of Youth; it is only with the guidance of such researches that we can begin to think rationally about our society and about ourselves.

Maria Theresa and Other Studies

By G. P. Gooch. Longmans. 25s.

Monarchs have seldom had either the inclination or the leisure for letter-writing. But there have been exceptions and notably two women rulers who were also mothers of large families—Queen Victoria and the Empress Maria Theresa. Within thirty years of her death Queen Victoria's letters were being read throughout the world, but Maria Theresa's letters, although they were first published nearly eighty years ago and almost a century after her death, are still read only by a

few historians. This is all the more regrettable because, Dr. Gooch says, 'like her son Joseph, and unlike her daughter Marie Antoinette, Maria Theresa was a born letter-writer' who in her correspondence revealed herself 'in war and peace, in her dealings with Ministers and Ambassadors, in the bosom of her family' as a noble woman, a great ruler, and 'the most human of the Habsburgs'.

Out of Dr. Gooch's fascinating studies of the relationship between the great Empress and her two children as revealed in their correspondence there emerges a remarkable and singularly attractive self-portrait of Maria Theresa which Dr. Gooch's erudition and skill in historical 'retouching' has restored to its pristine brilliancy of colour. Here indeed is a woman and empress 'combining a good average brain with a loving heart, an exalted sense of duty, astonishing powers of work, an imposing presence and exceptional charm'. On either side of the great Empress' self-portrait Dr. Gooch hangs two arresting miniatures of her brilliant son and ill-fated daughter. Joseph II's letters to his mother as her Co-Regent were worthy of her own pen, whilst his descriptions of his visits to Catherine the Great, Frederick the Great, and his brother-in-law Louis XVI are of absorbing interest. On the other hand Marie Antoinette in her letters as in her thoughtless pursuit of pleasure reveals herself as a wayward child who refused to grow up until disaster brought out her better qualities.

Of the seven essays that make up the second half of Dr. Gooch's book four are perhaps chiefly of interest for students of history. But the three on such diverse subjects as 'Lord Acton: Apostle of Liberty', 'Historical Novels', and most notably 'Our Heritage of Freedom' will be read with pleasure and profit by everyone.

English Portrait Miniatures. By Graham Reynolds. A. and C. Black. 21s.

Books about miniatures have tended, in the past, to provide a rich fare of wrong attributions combined with an irresponsible identification of sitter. This allowed the author to retire below stairs for a good gossip with his reader and leave the whole development of the miniature in obscurity and confusion, until Mr. Basil Long produced his important *Dictionary*. Since then the present Director of the Fitzwilliam and Mr. Reynolds, who is in charge of the National Collection of Miniatures, have made a determined assault on the undergrowth and a very substantial clearing indeed. Just how substantial can be seen by a backward glance at the captions under the illustrations in earlier books and sale catalogues. In addition, during the last twenty years, the focal point of interest has made a salutary move from the eighteenth century back to the greatest practitioners of the art, Hilliard and Oliver. The result of this scholarly labour was brought before the public in the magnificent assembly of the works of these two artists in 1947. The catalogue of this exhibition, together with several articles and papers since, has added so much to our knowledge that the necessity for a general work, correcting errors as far as research has gone, became obvious. Mr. Reynolds has now done this work admirably, and his book will be of the greatest use to all those who care for miniatures.

The text is lucid and well written, and covers the period between Hans Holbein, whose autograph miniatures are sensibly listed, and the end of the nineteenth century. Hard-dying myths are swept away, and the anecdotes retailed are important and reliable ones concerning the artist and not the sitter. Although the author is more at ease in the period before the death of Cooper, he in no way passes over the period of Smart and Cosway, and makes some wise assessments that can only come from repeated handling of

their works. The choice of miniatures in the recent Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, again the work of Mr. Reynolds, made it perfectly clear that the work produced in the eighteenth and nineteenth century was of a far higher standard than mere prettiness would allow. Ozias Humphrey, Jeremiah Meyer, Andrew Robertson, whose 'Princess Amelia' was one of the most charming things in the exhibition, and Sir William Ross are all done justice to in this book. The illustrations are chosen well, avoiding, where possible, those that are easily accessible elsewhere.

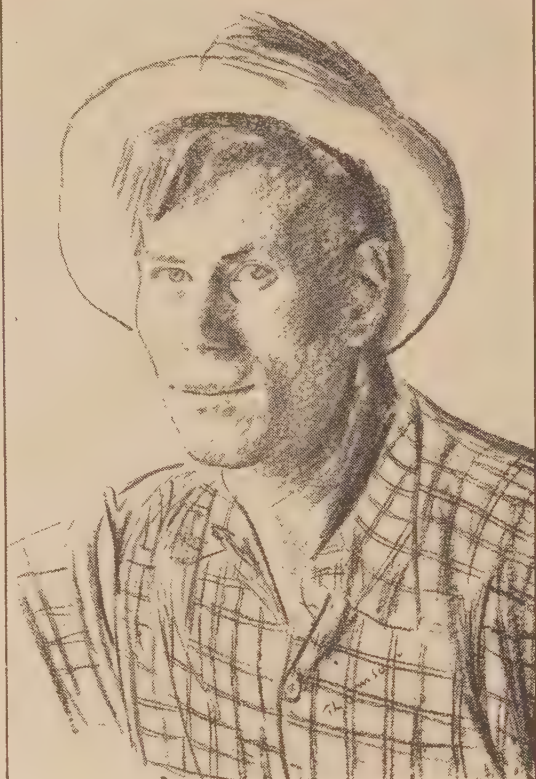
Studies in British Financial Policy, 1914-25. By E. V. Morgan. Macmillan. 28s.

Economic history at its best combines a judicious selection and presentation of the available facts with a reasoned interpretation which gives them significance. By that test the present work is one of outstanding merit.

Professor Morgan has had to select from an enormous mass of information statistical and other, which has been accumulated since 1925, the date at which his study ends. He has so fulfilled this task that every one of his fifty-five statistical tables contributes materially to the complicated story he has to tell. Even now the published data are incomplete, but he has had the privilege of receiving from the Treasury and the Bank of England items of information which fill some of the gaps. He has also entered upon interesting special statistical investigations, making the most of incomplete data, for the purpose, for example, of estimating the balance of payments position during the war years, or different classes of holders of the national debt.

The book opens with a chapter on the crisis of 1914, explaining lucidly and concisely the difficulties and problems that arose and the measures taken to deal with them. A second chapter deals with the growth of controls during the war and their relaxation thereafter. Chapters IV and V, forming Part II, deal with government finance, revenue, expenditure and national debt. Part III is concerned with money, credit and prices. Here arise some of the most intricate questions, especially those connected in one way or another with the floating debt, such as the policy of placing Treasury bills on tap at a fixed rate of interest, and the arrangement by which the Bank of England borrowed surplus balances ('Special Deposits')—and re-lent them to the government. Professor Morgan deals fully and searchingly with these and kindred topics. He has been enabled to shed new light on them by using statistics hitherto unpublished, which have been supplied to him by the Treasury, distinguishing ways and means advances by the Bank of England from those obtained from public departments.

A chapter on the balance of payments and the foreign exchanges constitutes Part IV of the book. Professor Morgan's estimate of the balance of payments in the war years, admittedly based in part on highly conjectural data, leaves a residual item of £330,000,000 representing 'the contraction in London's net short-term creditor position, private sales of securities and repayments to private lenders'. This is additional to the £265,000,000 of securities disposed of through the Dollar Securities Committee. The sum seems surprisingly large. Is it not possible that a very considerable addition ought to be made to the 'invisible' credit items for the swollen mercantile profits obtained from foreign trade under the conditions of world-wide inflation? In the Board of Trade estimates of the balance of payments, mercantile profits are relegated to the item 'short interest and commissions', which was put at the exiguous total of £25,000,000 in 1914. Professor Morgan



Drawing by A. R. THOMSON, R.A., now on exhibition in the ROYAL ACADEMY

Backroom Boy with a bucksaw Although his name never appears Halloran is one of the most important contributors to the newspapers. In fact, it is on his bucksaw that the publication of the newspaper depends. For Barney Halloran* is a Newfoundland logger, on the pay roll of the largest paper mill in the world — Bowater's at Corner Brook. His job is to fell and cut the trees into four foot logs, using the length of his bucksaw as a measure. They are then ready for the journey to Corner Brook by sleigh, truck, train, ship or most usual of all, floating down by river, there to be pulped and processed into newsprint. Halloran stands five foot eleven in his socks, and weighs 200 pounds, according to the Medical Officer who runs the foot rule over every logger at the start of the season. According to the camp cook, his appetite is built in proportion! "He'd eat a cow between two biscuits." But Barney just smiles tolerantly, knowing that a logger without an appetite is as useless as an axe without a handle.

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assumed it to have fallen to £10,000,000 during the war years. There may be room for a big correction here.

The first world war and the succeeding years

cover the fateful transition from the economic life of the nineteenth century to that of the twentieth. Professor Morgan's book is likely to hold a permanent place as a thorough and

balanced record not only of the events of the period but of the measures and policies adopted and of their significance as applications of economic theory.

New Novels

A Touch of the Sun. By William Sansom. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

The Way to Glory. By J. D. Scott. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

Mixed Company. By Irwin Shaw. Cape. 15s.

Chosen Country. By John Dos Passos. Lehmann. 15s.

Tussles with Time. By Jules Romains. Sidgwick and Jackson. 13s. 6d.

MR. SANSOM, having established himself as one of the most agile conjurors with words, has lately been trying to create at a deeper level. Assured that he can write sentences, paragraphs and pages better than Somerset Maugham or Nevile Shute, he has set himself to learn the technique of situation, character and plot in which he realises that the former writer at least is far his superior. This I believe to be the explanation of his last two novels, *The Body* and *The Face of Innocence*, and of the stories collected in *A Touch of the Sun*. We are witnessing the struggle of a minor writer to reach the highest peak, where there is no conflict between style and content, where verbal felicity sits graciously on the mass upheaved from the creative depths. In the first story, 'Venice', it is possible to see the conflict which is at the moment tearing his work apart. He loves words. He uses them like a magician. With them, he creates a vivid portrait of a young Englishwoman in Venice. She is seen as the victim of a conflict between a rigidly conventional environment and an unconventional psyche of whose nature and desires she herself is ignorant. In this introduction, the portrait of the young woman is drawn as vividly and exaggeratedly as the bust of Queen Nefertiti was carved and painted. The portrait is so satisfying that there is no need to meet the woman herself. A human, breathing, speaking, acting person could not possibly compete with the vision which Sansom conjures up.

But this portrait is static. The description is the author's self-indulgence. So we are launched into the narrative, the story of the way this girl eggs on a gondolier to fall in love with her without committing herself to him, without even realising perhaps that she is egging him on. The idea of this story is fresh and potentially exciting. But the cat was let out of the bag in the descriptive portrait. When the woman appears, it is a different woman, as different as an artist's model from the painting for which she has sat. We know more than we are ever told by the narrative, before the narrative even starts. There is one story in this collection, 'A Face at the Window', in which Sansom combines in the happiest way his old power to write with his new ambition to invent. But the rest are transitional labours in his ascent of Parnassus.

Mr. J. D. Scott seems to be embarrassed by no conflict of purpose. He has set out to write a *roman à thèse*, the restatement of the faith of a Leftist of the 'thirties in terms of a nineteen-fiftish liberalism. His hero, Godfrey Ansell, is a technician, a specialist in machines for moving earth, a man, in fact, trained to remodel the physical face of the countryside. He is sent, or rather chooses to go, to Paris to demonstrate the use of these technical reformers. The assignment is the chance of three weeks' holiday in which, unconsciously, he is seeking to find the solution of the troubles which beset him, the anxiety of a sterile, not loveless but unpassionate marriage, the guilt of losing a revolutionary idealism without discovering any faith to take its place and the urgent fear that middle age

will be upon him before he has had his last youthful fling.

The plot of *The Way to Glory* is neatly contrived. Ansell meets a girl in a street fight, saves her from seduction, makes her his mistress ('I think I'd better tell you now . . . My wife would be here with me in Paris only her mother turned ill'), becomes emotionally entangled with her before he discovers that she is a half-caste and her brother a West Indian deserter from the R.A.F., etc. Mr. Scott has taken as much pains with the writing of his sentences as with the contrivance of his plot and the manipulation of his characters. There is not a word or even, I suspect, a comma too many. The spiritual equation of Godfrey Ansell is solved with just the right succession of surprises. All that is lacking are the three letters Q.E.D.

I must not give the impression that I did not enjoy this book or read it through at a session with a rare acknowledgment of the author's craftsmanship. I haven't read a book formally so perfect for a very long time. But there is something wrong with this, as with all *romans à thèse*, unless the author loses control. Ansell and all the characters with whom he is associated are puppets, made to exemplify an argument. This is not really a novel at all, but a distended essay on the spiritual quandary of the *New Statesman* and *Nation* man in 1952. The majority of readers choose their novels because they want to become better or wiser citizens or individuals; and among those who seek from fiction the consolations of religion, ethical or social philosophy, *The Way to Glory* will be deservedly popular. But to those who, like myself, wish to find within the pages of a novel characters who have a life of their own and who for all their self-revelation retain a core of mystery like those whom we meet in everyday life, *The Way to Glory* will be a disappointment. Technical perfection has killed spontaneity.

I have deliberately separated from Mr. Sansom's new collection of short stories, the selection which Mr. Irwin Shaw has made under the title of *Mixed Company* of thirty-seven short stories written over the last quarter of a century. This is the cream of a great short-story writer's work. Given the annoyance of having at the beginning of each story to pick up details of new characters and situations, *Mixed Company* reads more excitingly than most novels, because Mr. Shaw refuses to adopt a formula or even a dominant style. He approaches each new story as a sculptor approaches a block of stone, trying to find the shape which lies hidden within it. Mr. Scott's hero, like most English intellectuals, is separated by his education from the inarticulate and oppressed with whom he wishes to make common cause. Mr. Shaw has never felt this isolation in the egalitarian climate of the United States. He ranges within his own country and abroad unhampered by any burden of self-consciousness. He is naturally what Mr. Scott would have an intellectual strive to be; he starts where Mr. Scott ends. His characters are not actors in his personal drama, but people in their own right. *Mixed Company* presents a vivid

mosaic of that contradictory America which we tend to forget in the over-simplifications of modern power-politics.

Mr. Dos Passos belongs to an earlier generation of the same progressive American tradition. His school was Eugene Debs, the I.W.W., World War One; his university the speakeasy and the trial of Saccho and Vanzetti. History seems to have ended for him with the Wall Street crash. *Chosen Country* covers the same period as *Manhattan Transfer* and the trilogy *U.S.A.*, except that it goes further back in the history of American immigration and nationalism to explain the inevitability of Jay Pignatelli's love for the girl of his choice. I read the book with the sort of sinking of the heart which one feels on meeting in middle-age a flame of one's youth and discovering that time has been ruthless. The face of Mr. Dos Passos' style is recognisably the same as that which shone in *U.S.A.*; but how tired and wrinkled it has become in the last sixteen years! Only in one section, entitled Footnote on the Practice of the Law, does the old Dos Passos make a fleeting appearance. Suddenly the pages come alive; one reads with the excitement and delight which one last felt over *The Big Money* in 1936. For fifteen pages the magic persists. Then suddenly it fades. The effort has been too great. The old routine is repeated, but the tension is lost. One has the sense of a great actor trying to recapture the triumphs of his prime. But not even he believes in his performance any more.

M. Jules Romains in *Men of Good Will* did for France very much the same thing as Mr. Dos Passos did for the United States in his great trilogy. *Violation des Frontières*, two short novels translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, with the slightly schoolboy title of *Tussles with Time*, makes no attempt to compete with the author's *magnum opus*. M. Romains retains his talent for making every character and incident realistic, but he has turned his attention to the fourth dimension. In the first and longer of these novels, 'A Struggle with Time and Death', he unravels, as it might be a crime, the mystery of the appearance of M. Payelle in a number of unexpected places after the time of his death. In the second, 'Breaching the Frontiers', he describes an experiment in New York in which a medium succeeds in establishing instantaneous contact with a planet thousands of light-years away.

I read *Tussles with Time* with great interest. Whatever form of fiction M. Romains turns to, he performs with admirable skill. My only worry was the suspicion that in these fictions he was trying to establish certain theories about the nature of the universe (the persistence of people and actions outside what we regard as time), whereas the proper means would be a series of rigidly controlled scientific experiments. My enjoyment was consequently tinged with the same feeling of being 'got at' that I experienced when reading Mr. Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair*. In such cases, I am a jam-lover who resents the presence of a pill.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Good Talk and Novels

PATTERNS IN RADIO DRAMA help us poor sheep. That plays about cavaliers should always be followed by plays about spinsters who poison each other makes for general order and sanity. But perhaps there is too much order as it is, with only one wavelength? The plan seems cast in iron: puppets for tea, then a peep at a police college, murder play, political strife, newsreel and weather chart—so it goes, night after night. Bernard Shaw as usual disrupts the scheme, not pleasing everyone. An intrepid reader of *The Manchester Guardian* (no rarity) has complained that G.B.S. in 'Back to Methuselah' babbles like a shallow brook and has drawn the retort that in a wicked television world seventy minutes of such sane babbling, even if only for five weeks, has shone like a good deed.

I do perceive here a divided duty. I have a sneaking sympathy with both points of view. In the theatre, I have sometimes (though not at the start or the end) found 'Methuselah' protracted. But in the theatre so much else could happen, one keeps longing for a variety of stimulating theatrical experience which the television screen cannot yet often provide. Paradoxically, the television screen is still much less a stage, let alone a communal altar, than a checking board to help us listen to good talk. Since we get so little good talk on television, Shaw (who never wrote anything more beautiful than that speech of the She-Ancient which will have been heard in the last instalment before these words of mine appear) seems doubly welcome. The accuracy and success of the whole undertaking can hardly be overpraised. Harold Clayton has the thanks of us all, Shavians or not; and the large cast may imagine itself bowing to long-drawn applause.

I was delighted to see our B.B.C. King Charles' head popping up in *Children's Hour*. 'Leading Question' by Nicholas Stuart Gray turned out to be a

dramatisation of what a secret part of me still regards as the world's most beautiful picture: 'And When Did You Last See Your Father?' by W. F. Yeames, R.A., which used to adorn the pre-Picasso nursery. A grim child, I used to make up fictions considerably more dire about that celebrated piece of historical fustian than this rather trite tale: the children were sent to the cellar with the Ironside—a poltroon, it turned out, of whom they made a fool; the 'father' got away, and there was quite a lot of argle-bargle about loyalty and civil war which began to take on the acrimony of a junior 'In the News'. But I watched without boredom till the well-known features of Mr.



'Lines of Communication' on May 25. Left to right: Edward Evans as the Major, Patrick Waddington as Lieut.-Colonel Baxter, and Abraham Sofaer as Jemadar Moti Ram Sahib



Ursula Howells as Zoo and Maurice Colbourne as the Elderly Gentleman in Part IV of 'Back to Methuselah'

Robert Speaight melted back into Yeames' neat brush strokes and the famous tableau reconstituted itself.

Dealing with history on an imaginary plane is easier for television, as for the cinema. Where real historical characters are involved and we have to stand so close to them—such as the youthful Queen Victoria (ably enacted by little—or fairly little—Miss Margaret Barton in 'The Princess of Kensington', by Rose-Mary Sands), there is always the feeling that if they do not look quite like their portraits they ought somehow at least to look like Miss Anna Neagle. But this little play as a whole did honestly

keep on the screen. I find it hard to say why the impression it made as a television piece was weaker than when it was originally given us as a sound-only feature. Can it be that one (the audience) spends less imagination on sight-plus-sound than on sound alone? The thought is discouraging but I hope it will not put intending authors off the idea of using the television screen as a medium for the novel.

Gordon Sherry's 'Black Limelight' was fun, if only because it enabled us to see Margaret Rawlings on the rampage once more, repeating a minor triumph of the 'thirties. She is not an actress who believes in half measures, and goes for the part of the wronged wife, to say nothing of that of the mistress (heard but not seen), with something of the gusto of Chaliapin in 'Boris'. Dennis Vance's production was not noticeably subtle, except for the sequence where we saw the events of the fatal evening through



Scene from 'The Gamblers' by Eric Crozier. Left to right: Ian Wallace, Patric Doonan, Anthony Nicholls, and Olaf Olsen

the eyes of the listening wife, an example of that 'logical looking' whose infrequency I deplored some weeks ago. For the rest, the cockney's verdict on the Hallelujah Chorus may serve for this jolly murder spree, which will be repeated tonight (Thursday), 'Blimey, they didn't 'alf render it'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Castles in Spain

I ENJOY THE KIND of piece in which one man observes to another 'I think your father was Ambassador in Pomerania?' The name of the country (as Lady Bracknell would say) is immaterial: it can be Kraja or Croabia, Ruritania or Gadoria: good players have been to them all. In these ornate never-never lands invention is uncurbed: only the cynical will suggest that a map of the shadow-Balkans is by now insanely crowded. Nonsense! Our business is with the Archduke. Certainly it is in 'Jack Straw', an early Maugham comedy (Light). We may not reach Pomerania itself: we are established at the Grand Babylon Hotel, and at the Parker-Jennings place in Cheshire. But the Archduke is there, right enough; and while he is about we are Pomeranians to a man.

This makes gay radio comedy. It runs on swiftly, tic-tac nonsense, with little epigrammatic posturing. Thrusting snobs must be discomfited; Jack Straw, the waiter, must masquerade as the Archduke Sebastian. He does, with immense success: not surprising since he is indeed the Archduke. Straw was a Hawtrey part, which means that the man should be as 'slippery-tongued' as the actor Suet. He must time his evasions as if he were flicking the sun into our eyes with the twist of a hand-mirror. Such castle-in-Spain parts as these can thin into gabble; but Jack Hulbert has the correct manner. He is of the air airy. The revival had other swift-and-sure performances: Marie Löhr's, George Merritt's, Ruth Maitland's as snob-in-chief ('I knew he was an Archduke all the time'). With Richard Hurndall for Lord Serlo's doncherknowing (stamped Edwardian in every link), and Brian Oulton as the monstrously affected Vincent, there was a play fitted.

Archie Campbell, who produced 'Jack Straw' dexterously, had more trouble with Jacinto Benavente's disconcerting 'Saturday Night' (Third). Disconcerting because we found little in this to burnish Benavente's name. The respected and prolific doyen of the Spanish theatre wrote the play nearly fifty years ago. It is set in a fictional principality between Italy and France, described by someone as 'the cosmopolis and Mecca of all the idlers of the earth'. It struck me as a rowdy cosmopolis, and the whole affair as florid and muddled melodrama, striving always to be something else. It was this pretentiousness that exasperated. On the air, and in spite of its distinguished cast, the piece lacked real substance. We had to content ourselves with Leon Quartermaine's voice, like figured velvet; with Mary Ellis's passion; and with one glint of drama when a Prince was stabbed, rightly, with a jewelled stiletto exquisitely damascened.

William Hazlitt's castle-in-Spain was his love for his landlady's daughter. In 'Golden Shadow' (Home), an intractable piece for radio, Ian Stuart Black detailed that glum affair in a dogged but dolorous fashion that Hazlitt, as dramatic critic, might have condemned. We were glad, at least, of William Fox's urgent, transforming study. Even when poor Hazlitt, having got himself into a state, remained there, bogged, Mr. Fox put variety and life into his phrasing. Alexander Gauge presented a publisher in a flurry, David Peel sleeked along an unpleasant slug of a fellow, and Beryl Calder

discreetly rang the changes on 'Yes, sir' as the girl about whom her lover thundered: 'She has corrupted my whole life, and she is utterly worthless'. The play is too single-minded. We needed an Uncle Ponderevo with his 'I got an idea; I got a notion' (I hope to catch the new 'Tono-Bungay' version later).

Hazlitt might hate 'Riders of the Range' (Light), but for anyone partial to a train hold-up, a distribution of gold bars, and a general ride-him-cowboy toughness (to music), this is the stuff that makes bandits of us all. Its episodes are getting into double figures in a fifth series; it could very well run until the Grand Canyon is filled. Plenty of sound effects there; plenty, too, when George Meaton is around in 'Variety Bandbox' (Light). He imitates, for our childish delight, anything from the pouring of a whisky-and-soda to an express train hurtling through a station. No doubt he could do just as easily the toppling of a castle in Spain.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Three Portraits

I HEARD A RECORDING last week of an excellent talk by Thomas Mann on 'The Artist and Society', in which he analysed the anomalous position of the artist among his fellow men and his peculiar relation to politics and morals. In this connection he quoted Goethe: 'A work of art may have a moral effect, but to demand moral purpose from the artist is to make him ruin his job'. It was a talk full of good things admirably expressed, for Dr. Mann has a complete command of English and although his accent betrays his German birth, his clear enunciation makes him as easy to listen to as anyone could wish. Like Casals, whom we heard the week before, he is a humanist, a grand old man and, unhappily, an exile from his native land; and each in his talk, without the smallest intention of doing so, painted an impressive portrait of himself.

The Third Programme gave us yet another portrait of an artist painted, this time, not by himself, but by eight other speakers. During the last few years we have grown familiar with what may be called the Irish method of artificial resuscitation in its highly successful application to Yeats, Joyce and George Moore. Last week it was applied, with W. R. Rodgers as usual as editor, to J. M. Synge. Once again the familiar voices of Richard Irvine Best and Oliver St. John Gogarty and voices less familiar and totally unfamiliar uttered their incantations, but the shy ghost of Synge did not appear, and the reason for this was given unintentionally by one of the speakers. Synge, he said, was not very sociable. At a party of notable people you would see Yeats and his admirers, Lady Gregory and her admirers, but Synge would be somewhere behind the hat-rack, sweating. He was sweating, presumably, with discomfort and boredom rather than with embarrassment, since he was always, we learned, self-possessed. But the fact remains that in this programme, too, Synge remained behind the hat-rack where, aided by Bernard Shaw, we vaguely caught sight of him—vaguely because to say that Synge had 'a face like a blacking-brush' is not very helpful to the eye. But to remark that Synge hardly appeared in the programme is not to say that it was a failure; on the contrary it told us many revealing things about him in the light of which his absence took on a positive quality and one was aware, behind the talk, of a silent and dignified presence whose attention was absorbed by his own thoughts.

A portrait—an abstract sketch-portrait—of yet another artist, a painter and one of the strangest that ever lived, took us back to four

centuries behind the other two. Henriette Groenewegen-Frankfort, in a review of Wilhelm Fränger's *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch*, spoke especially of Fränger's interpretation of Bosch's extraordinary triptych, 'The Garden of Delights', once in the Palace of the Escorial and now in the Prado in Madrid, a picture which has hitherto baffled all attempts to unravel its meaning. He claims to have found the source of its recondite imagery in the Adamite heresy, whose ideas can be traced back through the Gnostics to Plato and Pythagoras. All this may seem to promise heavy going in a twenty-minutes' talk, and doubtless for a listener for whom Bosch and Plato are no more than names it would be so; but I found a modest acquaintance with Bosch's pictures in the original or in reproductions, a smattering of Plato, and an attentive ear sufficient to make this an enthralling talk. The speaker has a quite exceptional power of lucid exposition and into the bargain she is a first-rate broadcaster, quiet, unhurrying and with a crystal-clear articulation, so that one followed her with continuous excitement and almost without conscious effort. It was a brilliant and thrilling summary.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

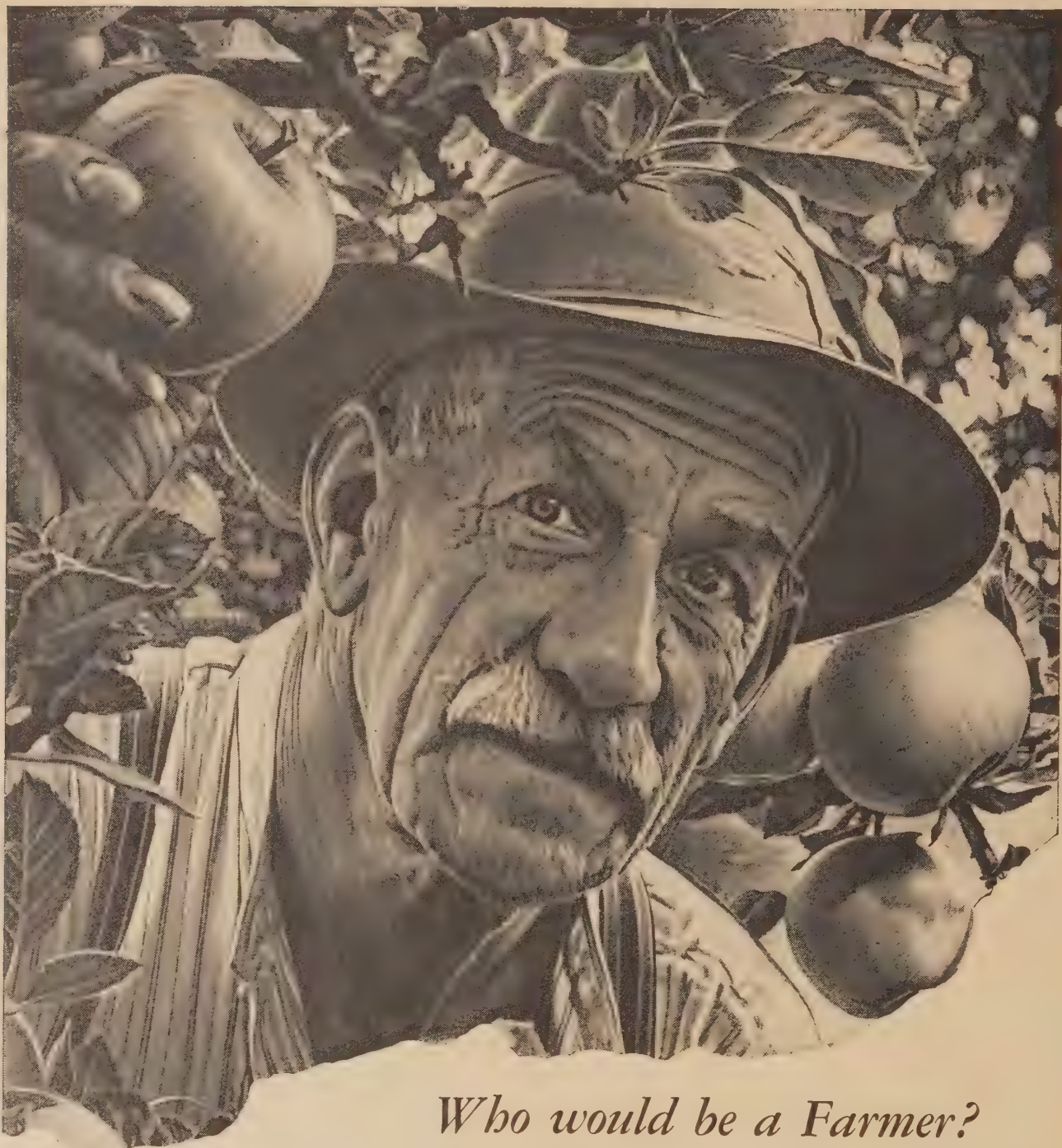
BROADCAST MUSIC

Rites of Spring

COMFORTABLE ASSURANCES about the international character of music and its ability to over-leap barriers of race and language—assurances which were all very well in days when Italy or Germany dominated the musical culture of the western world—are from time to time rudely shattered by some work from abroad which obviously does not accord with our expectations of it. Such a work is Janáček's 'Glagolitic Mass', which was broadcast at the beginning of the week under review. In musical idiom this work seemed more closely akin to some primitive pagan ritual than to any liturgy of the Christian Church, however ancient. That its form seemed equally remote from liturgical use may be explained, perhaps, by its special festival character. To a Czech audience the Mass may possibly sound devout, but for all my efforts to relate it to what I know of the Eastern Church and even to the hieratic figures in the Ravenna mosaics (which are conveniently on view in London), it seemed to me more like another 'Rite of Spring'.

We had our own Anglican 'Rite' during the week. Sir Malcolm Sargent is always at his best when confronted with a large and complicated score, and he proved to us that the complexities of texture and oddities of instrumentation in Britten's 'Spring Symphony' are more than clever stunts. They serve to create the extremely vivid atmosphere of this spring-enchanted music, which reflects with miraculous accuracy the mood and even the meteorology of each poem. Britten is not a symphonist and he seems dependent for inspiration upon his poets. At least it is clear that his best works, among which 'Spring Symphony' ranks high, have been evoked by the best poems he has set, and especially by poetry which combines a metaphysical with a descriptive interest. It is significant that the one or two small flaws in 'Spring Symphony' occur where the poet momentarily lets the composer down—for instance, the three purposely flat lines in Auden's poem. A more 'absolutely' musical composer might have taken such things in his stride. But Britten seems exceptionally susceptible to the nuances of the poetry and these lapses at least bear witness to the absolute integrity of his attitude to the poetry he sets.

The performances had the advantage of first-rate soloists—Elsie Morison, a clear, flute-like soprano; Kathleen Ferrier, the mezzo-soprano of



Who would be a Farmer?

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the first performance (alternating with Anne Wood, who was less steady in tone but a good interpreter), and Richard Lewis, whose beautiful voice and lyrical phrasing set the tenor songs in the best possible light. The B.B.C. Choral Society sang with enthusiasm and defied discords to put them out of tune, and the Watford boys let themselves go—sometimes off pitch.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was handicapped by a late arrival which prevented them from trying out the Royal Festival Hall before their concert, and by a programme which contained too many French soufflés one after the

other. Honegger's Fifth Symphony was the most substantial work in the first part and a witness to the composer's ability as a symphonist. In all the circumstances, it would be unfair to criticise the performances for not annulling the impression created by the concert broadcast from Paris. I will only say that the flautist's performance in the 'Pantomime' in Ravel's 'Daphnis and Chloë' was well worth sitting up to hear.

The week ended with two English Pianoforte Concertos, a new one by Howard Ferguson with accompaniment for string orchestra, and Alan Rawsthorne's Second produced a year ago and

just published in full score by the Oxford University Press. Ferguson's unadventurousness does not prevent him from writing interestingly, for he does not allow the locations, and even the circumlocutions, of a politer age to degenerate into clichés. Dame Myra Hess, with the strings of the L.P.O. under Sir Adrian Boult, played the new work *con amore*. Rawsthorne's brilliant and entertaining Festival work was effectively presented, as before, by Clifford Curzon with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Early and Late Fauré

By FELIX APRAHAMIAN

Among the works by Fauré to be broadcast next week are his *Fantaisie* (Sunday, June 8, at 7.45 p.m.) and *Ballade* (Thursday, June 12, at 8.38 p.m.): both Third. 'Le Jardin clos' will also be heard in the Third Programme (June 10, at 6.0 p.m.)

GABRIEL FAURÉ was first and foremost a composer of songs and piano and chamber music. If the now well-known *Requiem* and the still almost unknown opera 'Pénélope' and lesser stage works are excluded, three orchestral works are left. Of these, two are for piano with orchestral accompaniment, the early and popular *Ballade* of 1881, and the late and unpopular *Fantaisie* of 1919. They afford a striking and instructive contrast.

In 1877, Fauré accompanied his master and friend, Camille Saint-Saëns, to Weimar, for the première of 'Samson et Dalila' under Liszt. The *Ballade* must have existed by then in its original form for piano solo, for it gave rise to a puzzling incident. Liszt, to whom the thirty-two-year-old Fauré presented the work, sight-read a portion and put it aside with a '*C'est trop difficile*'. Tired eyes or an unfamiliar manuscript hand have been charitably suggested in explanation of this curious criticism. Certainly, the *Ballade* could have presented no pianistic problems to the author of the *Études d'exécution transcendante*, its modernity could hardly have offended the champion of the moderns, soon to perpetrate *Nuages gris* and *La lugubre gondole*, nor was Liszt the man to quail before a key-signature of seven sharps. Yet Fauré himself vouched for Liszt's words.

Four years later, the *Ballade* was given a light orchestral accompaniment of strings with woodwind and horns in pairs, and in this form the work has won success. No one has so far claimed its orchestration, so that it may be presumed to be Fauré's own. In form and spirit the *Ballade* is reminiscent of Chopin, although the elegant balance of piano and orchestral tone more closely resembles the sure and deliberately restrained scoring of the Saint-Saëns piano concertos than the tentative orchestration of Chopin's two works in this form. The discreet use of instrumental colour points, lightens and aerates the *Ballade* to such an extent that, after hearing the later version, the earlier one sounds like a condensation. The work is tuneful and full of grace. A calm and lyrical mood prevails. According to Joseph de Marliave, Fauré's inspiration was the forest scene in 'Siegfried', but the sylvan glades of the *Ballade* belong, if anywhere, to this side of the Rhine.

The thirty-eight years that divide the *Ballade* from the *Fantaisie* witnessed a great renaissance in French music. It was an exciting epoch, one of important innovation as well as renovation. At one end of its span, Bayreuth's spell was working on such contemporaries of Fauré as Chabrier and d'Indy; Fauré himself, although

not altogether insensible to it—he made three Wagnerian pilgrimages—never succumbed. The other end almost embraced the results of the more suburban sorceries of Arcueil and Haarlém on the Parisian *enfants terribles* of the day, when the music of Erik Satie and the beginnings of jazz inspired them as 'Tristan' and the 'Ring' had inspired their musical predecessors. In the years between, other currents and cross-currents swept through the French capital. Two names grew great and dominated the scene, Debussy and Ravel—the one a younger contemporary, the other a pupil, of Fauré—neither of them impervious to influences that came in the train of Diaghilev. All through this glorious upheaval, Gabriel Fauré went his own way, deflected neither by fashion nor by the conscious desire to be original. The road he took ascended from the leafy musical valleys: it narrowed to a path where the verdure was bleached, and shadow gave way to clear outlines. If the *Ballade* evokes woodland light and shade, the *Fantaisie* has the sparseness of more rarefied regions where only a few of the many admirers of the *Ballade* are willing to follow Fauré.

A recently published volume of letters from Fauré to his wife traces the genesis of the *Fantaisie*. Spring of 1918 found Fauré in Nice. To an indifferent state of health—he was seventy-three at the time—were added the worries of the German bombardment of Paris. For about five or six days at the end of March he was able to work at composition, but would not commit himself to write anything about his as yet indefinite sketches. It was not until July that he announced, in a letter from Evian, that he was tackling a *Fantaisie* for piano and orchestra. In September he wrote that the piece was nearly finished, adding, '*Il me semble que je travaille plus rapidement et plus facilement à mesure que je vieillis . . .*'. Cortot, to whom the work is dedicated, gave the first performance in Paris in March of the following year.

Like a better-known concerto in the same key of G, the piano opens the work alone. There the resemblance ceases. In content, the *Fantaisie* is equally far removed from the worlds of Chopin and Saint-Saëns, even if it fills a ternary mould deriving from the latter. The use of the orchestra is as discreet as in the *Ballade*. The music itself is less seductively charming and more sinewy. Paradoxically enough, Fauré's later music, of which the *Fantaisie* is a fair sample, although stripped of all inessentials and unequivocal in expression, does not yield its secret easily. Its concentration demands equally concentrated listening and long acquaintance before its unique qualities are appreciated. Analysis

reveals the commonplace materials of Fauré's precursors and the harmony text-books, not the innovations of his younger contemporaries, yet the astringent treatment of these materials gives the later Fauré works their peculiar individuality.

The *Fantaisie* offers many examples of this, such as the restless opening of its middle section where, before the key of E minor is established, the ear is captivated by a delicately poised, hybrid tonality: C, E flat, G and B flat minors are all swiftly hinted at before the tonic is reached. At such moments Fauré handles augmented triads and enharmonic changes with incomparable mastery. Apart from its engrossing harmonic interest, much of the later Fauré has a mobile quality which is less easy to define: the music seems to move forward by its own momentum, self-propelled rather than pushed. Here the aged composer seems to have solved one of the major problems that have confronted composers of all time, but particularly those of today.

If the music of Fauré's old age has a certain serenity and nobility of expression—and this aspect of it is the one too often presented—it contains also the passionate answer to many frustrations. Beneath the placid exterior of his life as Director of the Paris Conservatoire from 1905 to 1920, great struggles took place. They are a clue to the elliptical harmonies, swift modulations and swifter enharmonic changes that animate the pure abstraction of his later works. As he aged, Fauré grew impatient with life. The causes were several. Enough time has elapsed since his death in 1924 to reveal that his emotional life was a full one: Fauré had been a great lover, as many can testify. Deafness, which first afflicted him in 1903, steadily grew more serious and became further complicated by distorted hearing. It obliged him to relinquish his Directorship: a small allowance and the Grand-Cordon of the *Légion d'honneur* had to compensate him for a greatly diminished income. Arterio-sclerosis dogged his last years. Some thirty opus numbers, representing works that their author heard perfectly only in the mind's ear, are the disciplined fruits of Fauré's impatience. They include, as well as the *Fantaisie* and the later *Barcarolles* and *Nocturnes* for piano, the strangely neglected Second Violin Sonata, two cello sonatas, a piano trio and two quintets, the one and only String Quartet and the song cycles, 'La Chanson d'Eve', 'Le Jardin clos', 'Mirages' and 'L'Horizon chimérique'. How truly appropriate to the spirit of the veteran composer, questing after chimerical horizons, are the last words he set to music: '*Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi*'.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CHICKEN WITH RICE

AT THIS TIME of the year a number of boiling fowls become available. It is as well to remember that an old bird is always tough and that the flavour can never be as delicate as a young pullet, so we have to make up for this in careful savoury cooking and the good sauce which takes extra care in preparation, and this is how you set about it.

Prepare the chicken, put it in cold water, and bring to the boil; boil gently for 4 minutes. Skim and cool. Then put the chicken in a casserole with a sliced onion, carrot, leek, a clove, bay-leaf, pepper and salt. Well cover with the water in which it was boiled and simmer gently until cooked. An old bird will need 2 to 3 hours according to age. When cooked, strain off stock and skim off fat. Now fry $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rice in a little margarine for about 3 minutes, cover with a quart of the chicken stock and cook 20 minutes. When cooked it should have absorbed the stock. While the rice is cooking, make the sauce and cut up the chicken and coat it with sauce, serving the rice as a border around it.

For the sauce you will need: 1 oz. of flour, 1 oz. of margarine, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ pts. of chicken stock. Cook the flour in the margarine for 3 minutes without browning. Add the stock gradually, whisking it until it boils. Simmer gently 1 hour. Strain and add it to the yolk of an egg mixed with a little top of the milk and pepper and salt if required. Whisking continuously, cook over a gentle heat until it begins to bubble, allowing it to cook for a few minutes longer, still whisking it. Then remove from heat

and add a few tablespoonfuls of the top of the milk and a nut of butter; do not boil the sauce again after adding these. This is rather an important point.

ANN HARDY

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEALS

If you have never had red mullet, I suggest you give it a trial; it is delicious. Have the fish scaled and cleaned and then fry them in margarine. Put a squeeze of lemon juice and some chopped parsley in the pan just before you dish up, and pour this sauce over the fish. I have sauté potatoes with red mullet, then a green salad and finish with a cheese flan, known in France as *guiche*, made with egg, milk, grated cheese and anything else you like to put in it.

PRIMROSE HUBBARD

For a cold meal which you can get ready in advance, before your main dish serve a short drink of really cold grapefruit juice as an appetiser. Then souse herring served very cold with potato and cucumber salad, sliced tomatoes and watercress. Potato salad is good with a French dressing of oil and vinegar, or mayonnaise. If you like chopped parsley, put plenty in when you are turning the potato over in its dressing. When slicing the tomatoes give them a sprinkle of sugar as well as salt and pepper; it helps to bring out the flavour and take off the bite.

To follow I would suggest a cold apple charlotte—not one made with knobbly gum-grazing crusts, which is horrid, especially when

it is eaten cold. Good charlottes are made with breadcrumbs and fruit in layers—with plenty of golden syrup to give the dish a butter-scotchy finish. Junket goes well with this or top of the milk if there is any to spare.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

C. P. FITZGERALD (page 903): Reader in Far Eastern History, Australian National University, Canberra; author of *China: A Short Cultural History*, etc., and of a forthcoming book on *Revolution in China*.

JAMES JOLL (page 905): Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford.

J. M. RICHARDS (page 915): an editor of *The Architectural Review* and member of the editorial board of *The Architects' Journal*; author of *The Castles on the Ground, An Introduction to Modern Architecture*, etc.

SIR HUGH CASSON, R.D.I., F.R.I.B.A. (page 917): Reader in Interior Design, Royal College of Art, London, since 1951; Director of Architecture, Festival of Britain; author of *An Introduction to Victorian Architecture*, etc.

DAVID GLASS (page 919): Professor of Sociology, London School of Economics; editor of the quarterly, *Population Studies*; author of *Population Policies and Movements in Europe*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 924): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery.

EDWARD M. WILSON (page 926): Cervantes Professor of Spanish, London University.

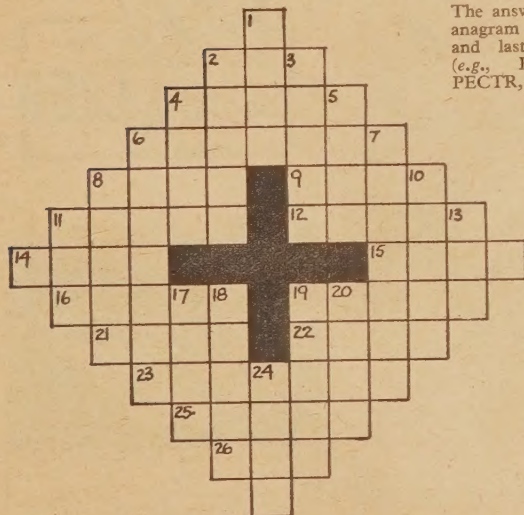
Crossword No. 1,153.

A)nagram(s).

By Selce

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The answer to each clue is one word which is the anagram of the word required, except that the first and last letters are omitted in the diagram. (e.g., Royal mace—SCEPTRE—SPECTRE—PECTR, the letters inserted in that order.)

CLUES—ACROSS

2. Magnolia.
4. Serpent.
6. Medicines which promote the growth of flesh.
8. Weeds.
9. Suppress.
11. Botcher.
12. St. Andrew's Cross.
14. Pot-stick.
15. Place of worship.
16. Abridge.
19. Gems.
21. Pertaining to the ankle.
22. Sought customers.
23. Procrastination.
25. Destitute of ideas.
26. Skein of silk.

DOWN

1. Prices.
2. Offspring.
3. Sticklebacks.
4. Thrust.

5. Preservatives.
6. Musical medleys.
7. Behead.
8. Ruff.
10. Metal pattern plate.
11. Slip through.
13. Fits of shivering.
17. Pet.
18. Contriving.
19. Pupil.
20. Skua.
24. Flowers of a uniform colour.

Solution of No. 1,151

Prizewinners:

1st prize: W. P.

Freeman (Bristol);

2nd prize: E. S.

Ainley (Henley-on-

Thames); 3rd

prize: A. J. Warren

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S	X	4	T	L	G	6	I	1
E	10	N	R	G	14	F	N	D
V	U	L	7	C	R	E	L	
L	8	X	S	R	18	T	C	N
2	12	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
K	N	F	R	C	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
L	E	G	A	T	M	50	I	O

NOTES

Across: 5. 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. 8. 40 = for tea. 12. 'Sally in our Alley'. 14. Serial; cereal. 39. 'Lycidas'.
Down: 2. 'Othello', V. ii. 3. 'Mache'h', III. ii. 4. Gray: 'Elegy'. 12. 'Antony and Cleopatra', I. ii. 13. 'Hamlet', II. ii. 19. Byron: 'Isles of Greece'. 30. Te deum, tedium. 36. Shelley, 'Adonais'.

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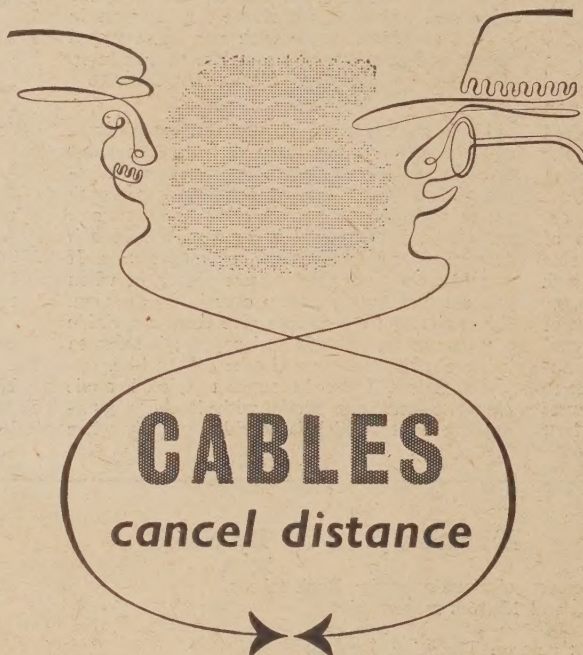
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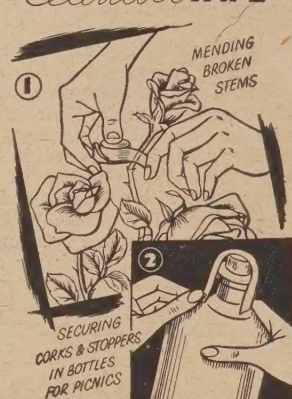
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